# ALUMNI ASSOCIATION CARO ERTY WOLLTHE M ALUMNU BO 1:

THE NAT

L WEEKLY



Albert Sterner

VOL XL NO 4 OCTOBER 19 1907

HER LITTLE SISTER

PRICE 10 CENTS \$5.20 A YEAR







# Men Who Know

The expert carpenter prefers Atkins Saws. He knows his tools.

The hardware merchant prefers Atkins Saws. He knows his goods.

It is possible to buy cheap saws, but the good craftsman doesn't want them and the good merchant doesn't like to sell them.

Brains, skill and conscience go into the making of an Atkins Saw. The finest saw steel made—SILVER-STEEL, gas-tempered to extreme hardness by the famous Atkins' secret process and smithed to absolute trueness
—is the material of the blade. Proper design and handwork by highly skilled mechanics develop this blade into a saw that "hangs" well in the hand, runs easily, cuts cleanly and holds its edge longer than any other.

That's why the merchant likes to sell it; that's why the carpenter uses it; that's why it is worth more and costs more than the ordinary saw.



The Silver Steel Saw People Makers of All Styles of Saws
Factory and Executive Offices INDIANAPOLIS, II

Branches: New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Portland (Oregon), Seattle, San Francisco, New Orleans, Memphis, Atlanta, and Toronto (Canada).

English Agent: John Shaw & Sons, Wolverhampton.

Australasian Dept.; Melbourne.
ou the name and address and



It describes new business opportunities in over six hundred towns and cities of the growing Northwest on the Great Northern Railway. Contains two hundred and fifty pages of information a tion gathered from reliable sources. Gives population of towns and brief description of surrounding territory. Tells what the present industries are and shows new ones needed, and describes over eighteen hundred new business openings in one hundred and fifteen different branches of trade and professions.

Fifty-two towns want agricultural implement dealers; fifty-nine need banks; twenty-one, box factories; sixteen, cold storage plants; forty-seven, dentists; fifteen, department stores; one hundred and six, doctors; five, machine shops; ten, woolen mills, etc.

Send to-day, it may contain the opening you are looking for. Enclose six cents to cover postage.

M. J. COSTELLO, General Industrial Agent, St. Paul, Minnesota

Great Northern Railway



# How to **Beautify Your Home**

Make the walls beautiful, and you increase the attractiveness of the entire home. Make them sanitary and you increase the healthfulness of the home.

You can do both of these things by decorating your home with **Alabastine.** The expense is actually less than the cost of wall paper or kalsomine; the effects are superior and the sanitation is far better.

# The Sanitary Wall Coating

can be easily applied to any wall by anyone. It is made in sixteen tints and white. These can be combined into an endless variety of shades, thus making each room different, while all are in harmony. One tint can be applied over another tint of Alabastine without washing or scraping the walls, thus doing away with the dirt and luss incident to other wall decorating materials. A wall tinted with Alabastine

other wall decorating materials. A wall tinted with Alabastine offers no breeding place for insects or germs, and a room decorated with Alabastine is therefore perfectly sanitary.

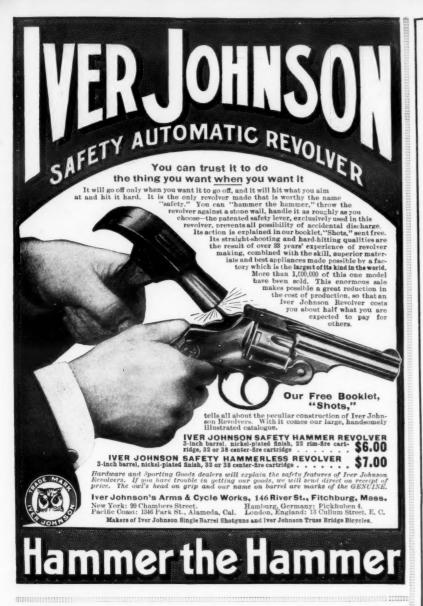
Alabastine is sold in carefully scaled and properly labeled packages by all paint and oil, drug, hardware and general wire, 5er to tints. A package will cover from 300 to 450 square feet, according to the nature of the surface.

Send 10 cents for the book.

Send 10 cents for the book. Dainty Wall Decorations," showing many beautiful color plans for home decoration; or write for sample tint cards of Alabastine, sent free on request.

The Alabastine Company 922 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich Dept. W, 105 Water Street, New York City





# SIMONDS SAV



Even the Ghost of a Man

would find Simonds Sawing easy. You make your work easier, do it better, and get it

done sooner by using Simonds Saws.

They never buckle, warp or twist, and they make a smooth, clean cut that a real workman likes to see.

# Simonds Saws are the Best and They ARE the Best

because of superior Simonds workmanship and because their blades are made of tough,

elastic, even-tempered Simonds Steel, made in a Simonds Steel Mill, exclusively for Simonds Saws. They are always the same-keep sharp and stay set longer than any saws we know; and they are provided with handles that fit the hand and never work loose

Look for the trade mark. Every Simonds Saw is guaranteed. Your hardware dealer should supply you promptly. If he doesn't, let us know his name and address, and we'll see that you get the easiest, cleanest-cutting saw you ever sawed It is worth a little effort to get a Simonds Saw-it saves effort afterward.

Send for a copy of "Simonds Guide," a book of information you ought to have SIMONDS MFG. CO., Fitchburg, Mass.



OFTIS Old Reliable, Original Diamond and Watch Credit House BROS & CO. Dept. L38, 92 State St., Chicago, Ill.

MAKING A

# New England

"INSPECTION of parts — every little wheel—every little pinion are inspected here for possible imperfections

"Every edge must be cut smooth and true—see her discard each part showing even the slightest roughness.

"It is particular work, calling for keen young eyes trained to discover everything likely to cause future trouble. Ask her how perfect each part must be, and she will answer-perfect.

"No degree but absolute perfection is considered good enough for New Worldard watches. That is what the inspection is for-to assure satisfaction.

> We spend \$30,000 a year on the inspection alone of New Eugland watches.

This is but one more reason why we call the

# NewGueland

"The Watch for the Great American People"

# \$2 to \$36

Every step taken in making a Rubuclase is a straight stride toward solid value—every process adds definite worth. The Rubuclase is the only medium priced watch with both case and movement made under one roof each to exactly fit the other. Look inside for the ironclad guarantee.

advantage.

Ask your jeweler to show you he lighted watches. If he does not keep them, send us his name and address, and we will send you a free copy of the most beautiful book ever attempted by any watch manufacturer—our splendid new catalog of watches for men and women. We will see that you get through your dealer any watch that you want. Write us to-day and remember to give us your jeweler's name.

NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO. Waterbury, Conn.



Inspection of Parts



# **BIG HEATER** 98

WE HAVE A WONDERFUL one dollar w HEATING STOVE (an oak

THESE TWO PICTURES show the two we make, our Best Steel Range and c Coal Base Burner. We have some something to offer, something to an makers and sellers of the world. WE HAVI THESE TWO BIG STOVES STORED IN WAREHOUSES all over the United States. see with very little freight for you to FREE STOVE CATALOGUE expla

HERE IS OUR OFFER: Cut out and return this ad to us, or on a postal card or in a good of the state of the sta YOU WILL GET THE MOST WONDERFUL STOVE OFFER EVER KNOWN

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO



# Roast Meats

hot or cold, are given just that "finishing touch" if seasoned with



# **Lea & Perrins' Sauce**

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It perfects the flavor of Fish, Steaks, Chops, Veal, Soups and Salads. It gives relish to an otherwise insipid dish. John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.



A new Elgin Watch perfectly adapted to the watch needs of womankind, yet meeting the same rigid requirements that have made the Elgin the standard watch for mankind.

Illustration actual size of watch.

Every Eigin watch is fully guaranteed; all jewelers have them—Send for "The Watch," a story of the time of day.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.



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Are made for both Hot Water and Steam,—can be installed in old houses or new—at no greater cost than other heaters though costing less for fuel to operate. Years of experience in manufacturing Boilers and Radiators enable us to prove to you the advantages of

McLAIN BOILERS and RADIATORS and their

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Write today to Department "B" for our beautiful Art
Book FREE, and give us an opportunity to show you
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Works and Ger New York 242 Fourth Av. Cleveland 1334 Prospect Av. Chicago
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Indianapolis
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# **MOVING PICTURE MACHINES**





# Dive in

Shut your eyes!

-Then plunge!

Take a dive in clothes-the way me men buy clothes-TRUST TO LUCK how you come out.

That is—if you are going to buy ordinary clothes you might just as well do that.

But—if you go to your Kauf-man dealer and let him show you a Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garment -either suits or overcoats-you

-Don't plunge blindly into the clothes question.

Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" ess is that it properly takes all the shrink out of the cloth before the fabric is cut.

-prevents the garment from pulling out of shape

-does away with puckering seams.

-prevents hang-back collars.

—gives Kaufman Garments a style permanence which no other clothes of reasonable price can

Because other clothes immediately show the style damaging effects of rain, perspiration and changeable weather. clothes question.

—You don't have to just "trust to luck"—or speculate—or hope for the best "blindly."

BECAUSE—it's a live moral certainty that any Kaufman "Preshrunk" Garment that you select Shrunk" Garment that you select

# Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" arments

will give you longest lasting

clothes value.
Clothes of staying style and permanence.

Clothes with a smooth, unverinkled appearance.

There can be no puckered or baggy effect. WHY? It's a "cinch."

WHY? It's a "cinch."
There's nothing to it, but
"Pre-Shrinking"—the exclusive,
practical way by the Kaufman
"Pre-Shrinking" Process, which
no one but the Kaufmans can
use, because they have the perfected "Pre-Shrinking" Process,
and naturally will not allow it to
be used by others be used by others.

"Style Secret" of the



Kaufman Garments-suits and over-

coats.

Demand to see the Kaufman Guar-Demand to see the Kaufman Guarantee Label which is on each garment, and which protects you by our Guarantee, backed by your Dealer, that all our garments are just as represented. You will appreciate the snap—the exclusive style designs—the individual character of every garment bearing the Kaufman Guarantee Label. But, to fully realize the meaning of "Clothes-Satisfaction"—to know all that our Guarantee represents,

of "Clothes-Satisfaction"—to know all that our Guarantee represents, YOU must WEAR Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments.

Why buy clothes at higher prices when Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments give you longer wear with greater style permanence?

Our prices range from \$12 to \$30. Most people can be suited in Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments-

\$15 to \$18

Ask Kaufman Dealers for the new Kaufman Fall and Winter Style Book.

Handsomely Illustrated-

Most interesting to read.

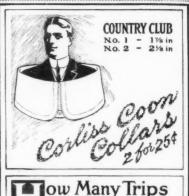
-On "Pre-Shrunk" advantages. Or, write Chas. Kaufman & Bros.,

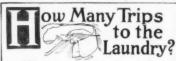
Just write. No stamps necessary.

"A shining countenance" is produced by ordinary soaps.

The use of Pears' reflects beauty and refinement. Pears' leaves the skin soft, white and natural.

Matchless for the complexion.





We see to it in the making that our collars are given the strength to outwear all others.

The best men's shops sell Corliss-Coon Collars. If not willingly supplied send us 25c. for any two collars you would like to

try.

We want to send you our style book showing all the latest shapes. Free on request.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Troy, N. Y.

Dept. T.



Nature may bestow beauty of face and form and yet withhold the gift of beau-tiful, luxuriant hair. In all such cases the hair should be cultivated with

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Genuine GEMS 75th

SPECIAL PRICE OFFER A one above gems, our regular price 35c any address for only 75c. Any 3 gen regular retail jewelers' value 83.50. Write today for free catalog "Nati

Write today for free catalog "Native Gema," describ-ing and fillustrating in actual colors Opals, Turquoise, Sapphires, Rubies and many other gema. Gems mounted to order at moderate cost. We sell bistones for every month in the year. Send today. THE FRANCISE, LESTER CO., Uspt. 18, Mesilia Park, N. Mes.



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# Collier's



The National Weekly

New York, Saturday, October 19, 1907



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P. F. Collier & Son. Publishers, New York, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and the International News Company, 3 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Ont., 72-74 Bay Street. Copyright 1907 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

BALTIMORE MD.

Hotel Belvedere A palatial new steel structure of 12 stories, all rooms outside with buth. Ball Room, Theatre, Banquet Hall, \$2.50 a day up.

The Rennert E. \$1.50. Raltimore's leading hote Typical southern cooking. The kitche of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

BOSTON. MASS. of this hotel has made Maryland country

BOSTON, MASS.

Huntin

BOSTON, MASS.

Copley Square Hoffel. Huntington Ave., Exeter and Blagden Sts. High-class modern bouse. 350 delightful rooms, 200 private baths. E. \$1.50 up. OHIOAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel Sist, Boul. and Lake Shore. All the Chicago Beach Hotel Sist, Boul. and Lake Shore. 350 rooms, 230 private baths. His Booklet on request. JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Lynnhaven Norfolk, Va. Ten story fireproof per manent hotel. 200 rooms—all outside—225 private baths. Service and equipment unsurpassed 125 private baths. Service and equipment N. C. Dietrich, Manager.

MARKLETON, PA.

MARKLETON. PA.

Markleton Sanatorium Open all year. 1750 ft. elev. Treatment of nervous diseases. Finest baths in America. \$\frac{1}{2}\$15 a week up. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The Grunewald Largest, newest and best. Cost \$\frac{1}{2}\$2.000,000. "Unquestionably the best kept hotel in the South." Rates E. P. \$\frac{1}{2}\$ and up.

New Denechaud New Orleans' latest and most modern hotel. Built of steel, brick and concrete. Fronts on 4 streets. European plan \$1.50 up.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Breslin On Broadway, cor. 29th St. Centre of shopping and theatre district. Everything the best at reasonable prices. 500 large sunit rooms, 300 with bath. Collingwood Venient to fashionable shops, clubs and theatres. Modern, fireproof. F. V. Wishart.

Hotel Endicott family hotel. Adjoining finest parks, museums and drives. European, \$\frac{1}{2}\$1.50 up.

Autumn

ASBURY PARK, N. J.

THIS list of hotels is composed of only the best in each city, and any statement made can be relied upon absolutely. Travelers mentioning the fact of having selected their stopping place from these columns will be assured excellence of service and proper charges.

Fifth Avenue Hotel Madis peen sold as reported. The high standard of e which has made it famous will be maintain d. plan, \$5. European plan, \$2. Hitchcock, Darli Grand Union Hotel. Opposite Grand Central Starrants at moderate prices. Baggage to and from sta. free

New Amsterdam the Area of the Area of the Area of the Hotel Seville Madison Ave. and 28th St. Two block use of bath. With private bath \$2.00 up.

Hotel Seville Madison Ave. and 28th St. Absolute quiet in the center of the city. Rate \$2 up. With bath \$2.50 to \$5. Edwd. Purchas, Manager

The New Wellington
The Ave. and 55th St.
Remodeled and newly furnished throughout. 300 room with bath, \$2 upwards. J. F. Champlin.
PITTSBURG, PA. Hotel Anderson Cor. 6th & Penn. Ave. Remodeled and Refurnished. Largest rooms in the city. Am. plan \$3 to \$8 per day. W. M. McKlinnie. Hotel Henry 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. European plan \$1.50 and up. E. E. Bonneville, Mngr. Hotel Schenley Leading hotel in the city. Fireproof. Take car at 6th Ave. and Smithfield St. European plan \$2 a day and up.

TROY, N. Y.

December 1. New. Modeled after Old English Inn.

Rensselaer New. Modeled after Old English Int Court yard in tile an artistic triumpl Grill. Fireproof. Suites with bath. European Plan. Grill. Fireproof. Suites with bath. Europe WASHINGTON, D. C. WASHINGTON, D. C. Capitol

Hotel Driscoll Facing U.S. Capitol and Grounds
Hotel Driscoll Facing U.S. Capitol and Grounds
cquipment. Booklet on application. E. W. Wheeler, Mgr
Hotel Johnson Penn. Ave. & 13th St. In center of
city. Circulars furnished, givin,
points of interest. Am. \$2.50. E.0. §1 up. Esan L. Johnson
The Shoreham Absolutely fire proof. Located in
White House and Treasury. A. & E. plans. J. T. Devine

## Resorts

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Hotel Mariborough site on Grand Ave. Electric Elevator. Suites with Bath. \$35 aday and up. A. M. Sexton. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

New Belmont Virginia ave, near beach. 6 story brick, elevator. \$2 up daily. \$10 up weekly. W. J. Warrington.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 420 West Thirteenth Street, New York, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time tables of any Hotel, Re-sort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

# Most Comfortable Bed You Ever Slept On

PROVE IT YOURSELF

Let Us Deliver One To You On 60 Days Trial



# Hirschman's King Double Deck Turkish

Spring

Spring

Is the one perfect bed for mankind. You can never realize how much more comfortable it is than the ordinary bed, until you have used it.

That is why we ask the privilege of sending you one for 60 days! free trial—that's the easiest and surest way of showing you its merits.

It is an upholstered box-spring hair mattress, resting on an insect-proof platform. The springs are "double decked," consisting of 183 finely tempered steel spiral springs, in two sets one upon the other, and so interlashed by our special method that they can never by any possibility work loose or loose their position.

The mattress conforms to every curve and movement of the body, making it the



The J. C. Hirschman Co.



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THE GUNN SECTIONAL BOOK-

construction are: The Roller Bearing, Non-Binding, Removable Door; No Unsightly Iron Bands. SEND FOR CATA-LOG-IT'S FREE.

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The first thing to know about paints and varnishes is that house paint will not do for freight cars and that piano varnish will not do for floors. This is true of all surfaces - each requires a different treatment. You can no more get good results from a finish made for all surfaces than you can be cured of all diseases with one medicine—beware of the paint or varnish that is recommended for all kinds of purposes. Your problem is to find the paint or varnish best suited to the surface you wish to cover. We have worked out this problem for everyone - for every surface. The right quality in our products protects and beautifies longest the surface for which each is intended. This right quality has made us the largest manufacturers of paints and varnishes in the world.

"Who Makes the Best Paints and Varnishes?" is the name of a free booklet which answers the question. Write for it.

# THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

LARGEST (BECAUSE BEST) PAINT & VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD FACTORIES: CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, NEWARK, MONTREAL, LONDON, ENG. SALES OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES in 22 PRINCIPAL CITIES Address all Inquiries to 615 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio In Canada to 639 Centre St., Montreal London Address: 7 Well Court, Queen St., E.C.



The Marlin Model 1897 .22 caliber repeater has always been the best small bore rifle on the market since it was introduced.

The Martin Model 1897 lasts twice as long as the ordinary 22 for it is solidly barrel is of special gun barrel steel welded and planished in the bar, and contains no seams nor hard spots. It is carefully bored and rifled deep with the old unsurpussed Ballard system of rifling.

The breech mechanism embodies the splendid Martin solid top, side ejection and closed-in action, and is made of the same special steel used in the Martin high power rifles.

Ask your dealer to show you one o some new catalogue, which will be

The walnut of the stock and fore-end is air seasoned for two years in our own sheds and a glance at the cut will prove how beautifully we shape and finish these

how beautifully we snape and note parts.

The rifle takes down, without tools, to pack in a small space or for cleaning, and the action and chamber handle .22 short, .22 long or .22 long-rifle cartridges without any change being necessary in the gun.

To the genuine lover of the small bore this handsome, durable, accurate Marin Model 1897 repeater is bound to become a treasure compared to which its original cost is most insignificant.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 17 Willow St., New Haven, Ct.

# A heating comparison

How would you like a new home? - not a new house, but a home in which housework is halved, fuel bills are cut



down, ash dust and coal gases excluded, and the comfort and health of everyone in the family benefited?

MERICAN & DEAL BOILERS

for Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam offer the one sure way of heating a building with all rooms evenly warmed, and securing the above-named economies and advantages.

Don't wait until you build a new house. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators can be put into cottage, house, store, school, church, hotel, etc., whether in country or city, OLD or new, with no annoyance or trouble at all, and at a price now within the reach of anvone.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators make happier housewives -- increase the rental or sale value of the property-besides adding untold comfort and conven-They require no repairs, will outwear the building, and their economies will

in a lifetime save several-fold the difference in cost over old-fashioned and extravagant hot-air furnace or stove heating.

ADVANTAGE 8: Experience proves that nothing is more annoying to the caretaker than a narrow fuel or charging door. The extra large fire-doors in all 'DEAL Boilers freely admit throwing in fuel and easily distributing it to all parts of grate.



Our catalogue (free) explains many other ADVANTAGES. Sales Branches and Warehouses throughout America and Europe. Inquiries cordially welcome.

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Be Wise in Your Selection

Always look for the H. & R. trade-mark, for a good revolver is your friend for life and on which your life may depend at some crucial time. The man who knows will select an H. & R.

for obvious reasons. There could be nothing better than the best.

The H. & R. Revolver has no superior in point of construction, simplicity of action, or in finish. It costs a trifle less than some other revolvers, but that is a point in your favor, one of the many reasons why the H. & R. is the most popular frearm made to-day.

They are made in many styles and sizes as described in our beautifully illustrated catalog, among which we would especially recommend our H. & R. AUTOMATIC DOUBLE ACTION, 32 calibre, 6-shot, or 38 calibre, 5-shot, 34′c, inch barrel, finest nickel finish, \$6.00; the H. & R. HAMMERLESS, \$7.00.

Sold by all first-class dealers. Rather than accept a substitute, from us direct. Look for our name on barrel and the little target tradeon the handle.

Send for Illustrated Catalog

REVOLVERS Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.

447 PARK AVE., WORCESTER, MASS.



Original Advertising Specialties

THE STATESMAN CO., Box 115, Marshall, Mich.

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FULTON-Folding Go-Cart



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KEEP YOUR WALLS CLEAN

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Ad. Shield Dept., Springfield, Ill., U.S. A.

\$1.00 THE "READY" Draughting Instrumer combines Compass, Pr it in your vest po

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Straight Legs

THE ALISON CO

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INVENTORS We manufacture METAL SPECIALTIES of all kinds. ment: lowest prices. Send perfect sample FREE for low estimate and best expert advice FREE THE EAGLE TOOL CO., Dept. C. Cincinnati, O.

# Are You Interested in Florida?

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# Collier's Automobile Number

THE next issue of Collier's, October 26, will be the Annual Automobile Number. In addition to the usual 32-page paper, there will be a separate Automobile Section of twenty pages devoted entirely to this industry. The cover of the supplement has been drawn by J. C. Leyendecker, and the contents of the Automobile Section will include the following:

> The Popular-Priced Automobile By JAMES E. HOMANS

Ten Years After (A review of the Automobile Industry) By KENNETH MACKARNESS GOODE

> The Joys of Touring By R. H. JOHNSTON

The Utility Automobile in 1907

All profusely illustrated with photographs

SIDE from the Automobile Section, the contents of Collier's next week A will include an article concerning the Caleb Powers case by Richard Washburn Child, the conclusion of Will Irwin's articles on the Japanese and the Pacific Coast, and the first of Walter Camp's articles dealing with the football season.



# Are Your Sox Insured?

That's the second pair of sox I've gone through inside of a week. No matter what I pay for them, they seem to wear out just as quickly. Guess I'll have to start wearing leather stockings."

Small wonder our friend is disgusted. He has a right to expect value and comfort for his money. And he would get it, too, if he only knew of Holeproof Hosiery.

By a new process of combining certain yarns, we are able to manufacture hose which are not only most comfortable and attractive in appearance, but which we guarantee to wear six months without holes.

OUR GUARANTEE.

OUR GUARANTEE

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Now, that the harvest days are over, it is an opportune time to think of preparing for the coming crop of cold weather. All days are harvest days in a house heated by an Underfeed Furnace, for every one of the thousands who have taken a course in Domestic Economy in the Underfeed School of Experience KNOWS that the

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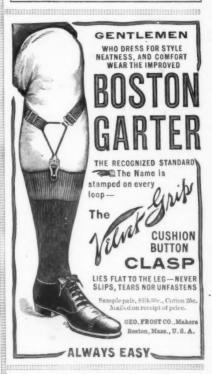
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IT WAS NOT LIKE THIS IN THE OLDEN DAYS

# Collier's PROPERTY.

The National

We DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOF

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers Peter Fenelon Collier-Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street NEW YORK

October 19, 1907

Wanted: Courage

RAVE MEN are needed to-day in certain of our States. The most incredible defiance is offered by a set of outlaws to the cause of government and justice. Almost impossible of belief is the fact that, with the eyes of the world attentive, with the heart and mind of the world exacting all legal safeguards for men who were almost universally suspected, the officer who arrested STEVE ADAMS should, following so promptly upon Haywood's acquittal, have been sent to eternity by a bomb. We can no longer argue with juries, judges, sheriffs, editors, and witnesses in these mining cases that the fear of public wrath will prevent members of the miners' union from the most calamitous revenge. We can only say that courage is the part of men; that every one who is willing to do his duty is a hero in hard emergency; and that from his State and his country he will deserve as well as it is given to any citizen to deserve.

Why Not This?

THE STATES could do something to facilitate greatly the successful prosecution of murders like those in Idaho and Wyoming. Each could pass a law that it would, at least in murder cases, honor from courts of other States the service of process on witnesses. This would give to the State courts something of the greatly superior power of the National Government in the running down of crime. Which State will lead the way? And what do the associated attorney-generals think of the suggestion?

Famine Ahead

NOT SOON, BUT ALREADY: a timber famine is here; and worse, and steadily worse, faces us as each year passes. Americans use more wood per capita than any other people on the earth. They use more per capita each year than they used By destruction of our forests, streams have dethe year before. teriorated, droughts and floods increased, the climate rendered more extreme, the value of the soil lessened. According to the best figures thus far to be had, the present rate of cutting, with the present rate of growth, would abolish our forests utterly by about the year 1930. Cutting must be regulated. Growth must be increased. The National Government and the few active States should have enthusiastic support in every effort to hurry forward this, the most pressing step in the preservation of our resources. The iron question can wait. Even the coal question can wait. The forest situation must be met. Nor should the forward movement flag until our forests are sufficient to feed our streams and regulate our climate: otherwise we shall be foolish for ourselves and but unworthy accestors to those who must meet the problems of existence when we of 1907 are but a memory of the past.

SOME CONGRESSMEN are inclined to resent the encroachment of the Administration and the Governors on what the legislators deem their special duty of giving direction to the national expenditure. For their comfort we remind them that Queen ELIZABETH ordered her Parliaments to refrain from discussing matters of state and that JAMES I said that even as it was atheism and blasphemy in a creature to dispute what the Deity might do, so was it presumption and sedition in a subject to question the performances of a king. So our Congressmen may reflect that the tendency has been on the whole in their direction. More seriously, it may safely be asserted that most of the Governors and the President to-day represent a higher patriotism than the Senate and the House; and if this had been otherwise the so-called encroachments of the Executive would have been impossible.

SAID ONE now prominent in America: "The politicians are better than their constituents, and especially are they less to blame than the men of business." Granted; but the politicians are the nation's trustees, and ought to be not only above the average, but led by motives the highest that human nature knows.

Mr. Roosevelt THE PRESIDENT'S LATEST TOUR put into a still brighter light his extensive popularity and the people's confidence. No Wall Street or collegiate coolness can cool the national enthusiasm. If he would consent to run again he would probably still further break the grip of the Democrats upon the Solid South, and the contest would resemble a hundred-mile dash; between a crustacean and the Empire State Express.

WHEN MR. MOODY was put upon the Supreme Court of the United States by Mr. ROOSEVELT, and the act was almost universally applauded, we received some opprobrium for our humble protest against such treatment of the bench. In the current number of the "American Magazine" Mr. Lincoln Steffens says:

"Assailed from below, Heney was attacked from above, too. From the moment he started after Mitchell, Senator Fulton led a big grafters' intrigue at Washington to undermine Heney with the President. Knox had resigned the Attorney-Generalship, and Attorney-General Moody, a very politic man, did not support Heney. He didn't want to remove 'Jack' Matthews from the United States Marshalship, and Heney had to force that. When Judge Bellinger died, Moody had W. W. Cotton, chief counsel at Portland for the Harriman system, appointed to the Federal bench. Heney's charges and his success in convicting Congressman Williamson beat that move, which would have defeated his whole prosecution. And finally, when, later, Heney would have defeated his whole prosecution. And finally, when, later, Heney proposed the appointment of W. C. Bristol for United States District Attorney in Hall's place, Heney had to go to Washington and at a meeting of the lawyers in the Cabinet, with the help of Secretaries Hitchcock, Taft, and Root, Bonaparte and Metcalf, force Moody's hand."

Conditions in Chicago

A DOCUMENT IS SENT TO US, elaborate and plausible, by the publishers of the principal Chicago German newspapers, intended to prove that the rejection of the charter at the late election was due to the efforts of the United Societies, whose hostility was incurred by the rejection of their views on the Sunday liquor question. We are unable to take this view of the The temperance movement is not only making astonishing gains in the country and small towns everywhere, but even in a big city with a population like Chicago's probably about as many voters were offended by the position of the societies as were sympathetically influenced by it. With reason or without, Chicago was afraid of higher taxes and afraid of the lodgment of so much power in the mayor at a time when it would be first used by a man of the Busse stamp. Other causes assisted: these led.

THE WORK OF BURNS in San Francisco has been much appreciated, and certainly one remark of that detective deserves recording here. When detectives in the service of the railroads endeavored to spirit away a witness troublesome to those energetic corporations, they took the method of pretending to be friendly magazine writers and inviting the witness to an outing in an automobile. Burns discovered what was going on. "Accept," said he, "but take your wife." Disconcerted by the unexpected appearance of the lady, but not having any refusal of the witness to put them on their guard, the railroad detectives were soon and easily arrested, and "Take your wife" stands as a monument to the lucid mind of Burns.

AMONG THE MANY DEVELOPMENTS of interest in San Francisco, we single out the speech of District Attorney Langdon in accepting renomination from a party to which he did not belong:

"Against the corrupt moneys brought here with a fixed purpose to defeat government and law by the arch-criminals, the beneficent moneys of public-spirited citizens, who have dared to use their moneys in a public trust, have been used to sustain justice and government. To-day that massing of this organized service has put a mayor and a boss in jail, and the impotency of personal privilege in the face of an effective democracy has been shown in the conviction of the 'man higher up.' This prosecution has faced down talented crime with talented honor, and so long as our conditions demand it the same kind of a fight shall be made. The public duty must be done,

# Collier's

and it is our business to secure and organize the means by which it shall

be done, a righteous God and an honest people willing.
"In so far as this public prosecution is concerned, this is a non-partizan campaign, because the issues are such as all honest parties ought and may

"Wherever the recognized moral law is involved politics should disregard party lines.

And Mr. Langdon has already proved the sincerity of what he says.

The Bourbon Hope

UNTIL ROOSEVELT AND BRYAN came to dominate the situation it was the custom in national conventions for the States to boom favorite sons and to vote for home talent on the first ballot at least. But, with this complimentary voting disposed of, the contest resolved itself into a battle of the second-choice candidates. Consequently, in a free-for-all race for the Presidency, political prophets are accustomed to select as the winner the candidate who is the second choice of the most delegates-provided, of course, no one candidate has a majority in the convention. From present indications the next Republican convention may have points of resemblance to the old-time nominating convention; indeed there is evidence that powerful interests are planning to have it so. The one first choice is ROOSEVELT; because of his formal .renunciation, no State can be pledged to. Then with Illinois for CANNON, Indiana for FAIRBANKS, Pennsylvania for Knox, New York for Hughes, and a few of the other larger State delegations pledged to favorite sons, a free-for-all convention is assured, in which the conservatives, after the firstballot favorite sons are disposed of, hope to be dominant. This strategy can be aided by that careful supervision of the personnel of the delegations which the old machine, in the various States, is able to effect; but it will end in smoke.

THE HOPE OF THE TAFT BOOMERS has been to carry him into office as the political heir and sole legatee of ROOSEVELT. To this purpose the President, with a frankness unconcealed to those close about him, has lent the comfort of his advice and his active aid. The disinclination of the public to accept this program becomes daily more apparent. Again and again, in little county conventions, the Taft promoters learn with chagrin that Republicans, who endorse Roosevelt and his policies without reserve, draw the line at letting him name his successor. ARTHUR I. VORYS of Ohio, political manager of the Taft candidacy, has taken his troubles to the President. In the seclusion of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S private car as he was speeding West, according to the press despatches, Mr. Vorys pointed out to the Chief Executive the "necessity for a better understanding among the Roosevelt men of the country as to action upon his successor, it being agreed that Secretary TAFT is the person favored by the President." The situation was cited of a Southern Congressional District where, after endorsing President ROOSEVELT, the delegates seemed oblivious of the action expected of them, and, being Treasury office-holders, voted to endorse Secretary TELYOU for the Presidential nomination instead of Mr. TAFT is a good man; but while the country desires a "Roosevelt " if it can not have the President himself, we do not believe it has yet decided what representative of liberal ideas it would prefer.

OVERNOR HUGHES as a Presidential availability expands GOVERNOR HUGHES as a residential and all the lack of knowledge. This thought's chief hindrance is the lack of knowledge. He has edge and personal contact with him west of Buffalo. never traveled, and his public life has been too short to give him a national personality. But he persistently refuses to let those who would do so turn a finger in the interest of putting him in the White House. What sentiment there is for him is spontaneous, unorganized, and unmanaged.

One Favorite Son

WHILE OTHERS LIE AWAKE of nights or find bitterness in the cocktail cup, Uncle Joe Cannon enjoys his honors before they fly. His is a mellow, comforting boom to take with a nightcap before the grate fire, an inspirer of pleasant dreams. It vexes no one. It neither toils nor spins nor waxes nor wanes. If the boys want to run him for President, he is not the one to spoil the fun for himself or them. Why should we not have favorite sons? It is a harmless custom and deceives no statesman whose experience is as ripe as Uncle Joe's.

What Mr. Root Might Do

WHAT Mr. Root Might Do
WERE THE UNITED STATES ready to buy new territory, probably it could at this time make no more valuable acquisition than the peninsula of Lower California. the value of the land itself, its possession would undoubtedly add much strength to any position which we might be forced to

assume in relation to international politics on the Pacific, and would do much to augment our national muscles, which, as the President has frequently pointed out so clearly, must be ready for the regulation and defense of the Panama Canal. A well-protected coaling station somewhere within striking distance of the Pacific mouth of the Canal is a necessity which is recognized. over, for strategic purposes in case of a war that issued from Asiatic waters, the Gulf of California, narrow, seven hundred miles long, and partly fortified by batteries at Cape San Lucas, and at advantageous points on the eastern side of the peninsula, would be, in its function as a harbor and as a base for supply and coaling depots, invaluable to our forces on the Pacific. Puget Sound in the north is at present the most available refuge for a hard-pressed squadron, and is so far away from the Canal as to render dubious the possibility of assistance coming from Atlantic waters. The suggestion of purchase is not new; many years ago it was discussed in Washington, but the rise of Asiatic Powers and the Canal project have more than doubled the desirability of the possession. The purposes of Mr. Root's visit to Mexico are not very well defined. That his excursion was prompted in part by the Administration's interest in Lower California is not beyond reasonable belief.

Gout and High Living

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ANOTHER DIETETIC IDOL is shattered. One of the high experts at that weightiest and most massy-fronted of medical gatherings, the British Medical Association, has nailed to the church door the thesis that food has little or nothing to do with And, more significant yet, there were few that rose to rebuke the heresy, and they in but faltering tones. Probably few beliefs have given the great mass of plain human beings more satisfaction than the idea that for luxurious living a price had to be paid and the name of that price was gout. Dives might fare sumptuously every day, but the twinge in the great toe would get him at last. It was relatively little in itself, but it was a great comfort as an unmistakable outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual penalty which he would suffer later. was almost the only punishment that ever was actually seen to descend from Heaven upon the unrighteous rich. Nearly all others they could buy off, and now even this is not sure to strike. The world has always associated gout and blue blood together. great Sydenham described gout as the "Dominus morborum et morbus dominorum" (Lord of diseases and disease of lords). long ago discovered that this is merely because only the wealthy classes can afford such trivial ills, like neurasthenia and bad teeth and hay fever and sick headache and baldness. The poor had it just as hard and as frequently, only they could not afford to lie off for a sore toe, or to indulge themselves in the luxury of medical attendance. The value of gout as a terrible example of the results of idleness is almost entirely destroyed. Worse yet, it can no longer be used with such dramatic force to point the moral of the profitableness of plain living and abstinence. Like the renowned hobnail liver of the drunkard, it has been found to occur in prohibitionists and-tell it not in Gath-even within the innermost circle of the vegetarians. Uric acid is certainly not the cause of the disease, and probably a mere symptom; and the diet of grass and mineral water, long held to be the refuge of the gouty, is cast down from its throne.

MR. ARTHUR H. GRANT, guiding spirit of that Municipal Ownership Publishing Bureau, which, under subsidy from many corporations, deluges the country press with arguments against municipal ownership, continues to search his soul for sounds to express his disappointment at our failure to apologize to him. We ventured the opinion that if the Boston Gas Company can furnish gas at 80 cents per thousand cubic feet, and pay good returns on its investment, then New York should be able to buy gas for 75 cents. As the ready champion of corporations, Mr. GRANT wrote to tell us that we did not stop to think that the Boston Gas Company pays only \$1.90 per ton for its coal, while the New York company pays \$3.50. This represented, said Mr. GRANT, a difference in the cost of production of 15 cents per The point was elaborated, and then Mr. thousand cubic feet. The point was elaborated, and then Mr. GRANT pronounced: "I am interested to know whether, having unintentionally misled the public into the attitude of unfair condemnation of a local industry, you will make the amende hono-Let us see whether or not an amende is called for: The facts are that the Boston company last year manufactured about two and a quarter billion cubic feet of gas, and purchased from another company under the same general control nearly as much more. In manufacturing, the company paid \$3.49 per ton for retort coal, and \$5 per ton for generator coal. The cost of retort coal, and \$5 per ton for generator coal. The cost of production amounted to \$.3130 per thousand cubic feet. The gas purchased cost \$.2995 per thousand cubic feet, and had a candle

Amateur Ethics

power of 18.42 as against a candle power of 21.09 for the gas manufactured. Instead of \$1.90 per ton, the cost of coal to the supplying company, under a contract which expires on December 1 next, was \$2.06. Considering the quality, the manufactured gas cost less than the purchased gas. Of course, the explanation of the cheaper rate in Boston depends mainly upon no such item as cheaper cost of coal in New York or Boston. It lies in the intelligent supervision which Massachusetts exercises over its public service corporations, and in the shameful neglect of supervision which has been the rule in New York. In one, the State has been master; in the other, the corporations have ruled. We do not suppose that Mr. GRANT deliberately intended to deceive the readers of his anti-municipal ownership magazine when he published a fragment of one of our letters to him with his comments thereon,

but may we not remind him that before making such statements he might have followed his own counsel "to get at least such facts as are readily available"?

New Jersey

 $N_{
m to}^{
m EW}$  JERSEY VOTERS who want to do the best thing for the State, in the coming election for Governor, are puzzled. Senator Colby's New Idea Party has from the beginning worked within the Republican organization. Largely as a result of its efforts, the Republicans have adopted almost all the vital principles which the New Idea Party has been urging. But the Republican candidate for Governor is suspected of disloyalty to this platform, although many of the New Idea leaders have faith in him. Meanwhile, the old bosses, except LENTZ, are in charge of the Republican organization; and many of the New Idea rank and file are unable to see that they have gained much so long as this is so. The Democrats have nominated a candidate who is perfectly clean, but whose reticence about declaring issues makes him an unsatisfactory alternative. If the Republican candidate is elected, and the platform which the New Idea Party has brought about turns out to be false promises, it will do much to strengthen a conviction commonly held that reform movements like Senator Colby's are best conducted independent of party lines.

An Autumn Incident

AT THIS SEASON when the folk of the city are bringing to a close their vacations we hear much and have much to say about their return to the regular grooves. To those who dwell in

the country all the year round, this autumnal exodus of "boarders" also marks a renewal of life in the old and somewhat eventless ruts. They so rarely visit a city themselves that it is a great event when the dwellers of the city come pouring in among them. This invasion is something of an education to them, perhaps a little cheapening, but none the less broadening for that. Village gossip is for the time shelved. Instead, the farmer throws more gusto into his dry, homespun wit; his wife questions her guests about the doings of that strange body known as "Society"; the daughter masters every metropolitan tuck and furbelow for future use at church sociables; and the boy acquires strange new oaths which work well on the plow horse. All this is as much education to them as the scientific stacking of a load of hay is to a broker. And when the last departing trunk has been piled into the farm wagon the revulsion is not wholly pleasant. The farm ceases to have a title; the farmer takes down the signs rudely painted, "To Tipping Rock," "To Devil's Den," and stores them in the woodshed against the coming of another The good housewife relaxes her newly acquired but unthrifty habit of a fresh gown before supper. The small boy drives home the cows, unaccompanied by any kindred spirit in a Russian blouse; and the solitary sweet-fern cigarette behind the barn has These country folk have been having the stimulation of the swift, cruel old world. They have caught a glimpse of its bustle and sophistication-perhaps with disgust, perhaps with longing. At any rate it shows an independent and rugged courage philosophy that is serene, even though unconscious, to settle back so silently into the dull routine of their sane, homely lives. OUR COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS have entered upon another year of work. Those who have no sons in attendance know of this fact through the expansive reports from the gridiron. Graduate coaches arrive, and the football squad is put through its preliminary paces. The outlook is "bright," "promising," or "discouraging," accordingly as veteran players have left college, as the preparatory schools have sent up proficient candidates. burning regret at one college is that all the promising athletes of the preparatory schools chose another. The boards of strategy are hard at work devising baffling plays. Herewith is reproduced, with all its eccentricities of orthography and composition, a communication recently received by the principal of one of the leading preparatory schools of the East:

"GENTLEMEN:

"Gentlemen:
"Dear Sirs—Would like to know if I can
earn my way at your College, as I am an
alround athletice haveing started the B. B.
season with the Southwark F. C. of Shilo.
But owing to buisness engagement I had to
cut away from the game. I faned 17 of the cut away from the game. I faned 17 of the Hamilton Square team in a game very lately, and without any working out I show better form today than IMLY who made such a showing at Pennington Seminary last spring and there is no reason why I should not do great work next season. I am a good football & basketball plaier with plenty of nerve fast on

the track & a good jumper.
"I am 19 years old stand 6. 2 in my barefeet & weigh 173 lbs. in baseball togs.
"I am also one of the few men that have to my credit a draw fight with JACK BLACKBURN the negro lightweight & Joe Thomas the undefeated welterweight (6 rounds each) & should prove a good one in eather a football or basket ball game.
"Please name the best you can do.

"I beg to remain yours truely,

Poor, huge, six-footer, with feet that doubtless ache like those of the boilermaker guard in Mr. ADE's "The College Widow," when he tries to put "patent-leathers" on and go to a party. It is men like these, utterly unsophisticated, often even earnest savages, whom tricky trainers and misguided alumni make fools and even knaves of sometimes. Happily they are fewer now than they used to be. But it takes time in a country still as new as ours for them to learn that sport has its special ethics, that a gentleman may not have his board paid by his college \*athletic association even though he has honestly "faned 17" in an afternoon at Hamilton Square and fought a negro lightweight to a draw.

"WHY," pertinently inquires the "Methodist," published in Fulton, Kentucky, if Collier's is telling

bald-faced lies at the expense of reputable business men, don't they take it to the courts and pray for damages?" The query is addressed to the Proprietary Association of America, and was inspired by its widespread charge that COLLIER's has been recklessly slandering honest patent medicines. The Association's answer is fairly luminous: "If you have read the series of articles in Collier's you will remember that not more than a dozen or so patent medicines were attacked by name." Not more than a dozen or so! It is, indeed, grievous to see our modest efforts so belittled. According to our count we have made specific charges, giving the names of the medicine or the owner, or both, in some two hundred and sixty odd instances. Some of these dealt with quack doctors or institutions, but the majority with patent medicines. And the Association mathematician has been able to find "not more than a dozen or so." Evidently the business manager of the "Methodist" was not impressed by the "canned mathematics." With quite painful frankness he informs the once powerful and feared fraud-medicine combine of his conviction, confirmed by their reply, that their "whole 'kit and bilin' is based on falsehood and perverted facts." Out they go from the pages of the "Methodist." One more publication cleanses itself of this stain, and one more instance is afforded to the Proprietary Association of The day is past the waning power of its policies and practises. when the leading patent-medicine interests could defeat legis-lation aimed at them by means of peremptory telegrams to the newspapers to fall in line in accordance with the Red Clause contract, and the change is to the credit of the press.

The Apple Trees at Even By Thomas Nelson Page

AH! long ago it seems to me,

Those sweet old days of summer, When I was young and fair was she, And sorrow only rumor.

AND all the day the roving bees Clung to the sninging clover, And robins in the apple trees Answered the faint-voiced plover.

THE apple blossoms kissed her hair, The daisies prayed her wreathe them; Ah, me! the blossoms still are there, But she lies deep beneath them.

NOW have turned my thoughts to God, Earth from my heart I sever; With fast and prayer I onward plod, With prayer and fast forever.

VET when the white-robed priest speaks low And bids me think of Heaven, I always hear the breezes blow The apple trees at even.

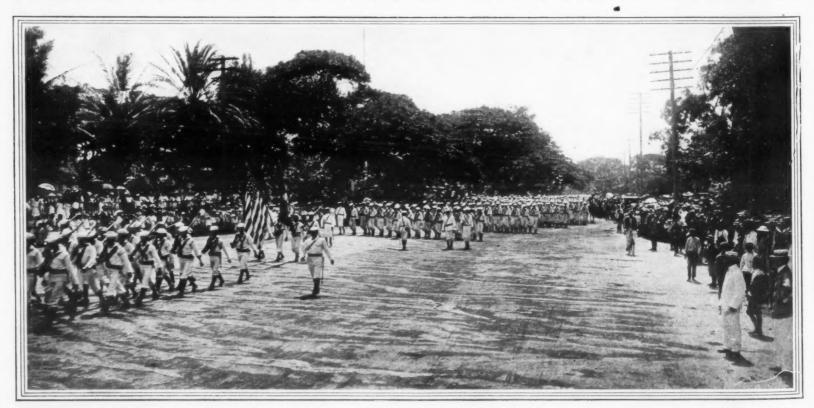
# The Stars and Stripes in Our Island Possessions



# Meeting Held in Manila to Protest Against the Filipinos' Disrespectful Treatment of the Flag

FOLL WING the election for the Assembly held in the Philippines, July 31, the Filipinos I in celebrating their victories at the polls showed a wholesale disregard for the American flag. Parades were conducted for days in which thousands of Philippine or Katipunan flags were carried, while the rear of the procession was brought up with a ragged urchin carrying a six-cent American flag. Although this behavior was the work of politi-cal demagogues rather than an expression of the feeling of the people at large, little was done to stop it. For the first time since American occupation a committee headed by the church and by business men was appointed and a mass-meeting called to force the Commission to correct the abuses. All Americans in the city adorned their coat lapels with miniature flags. Three days before the meeting, Friday, August 23, the Commission passed an amendment to the sedition law prohibiting the speaking, writing, or printing of anything

detrimental to the Government in these islands. The legislation was aimed, primarily, at certain Filipino demagogues, but it also affected what had been prepared to be said at the mass-meeting. The Americans announced that the mass-meeting would be held, rain or shine, in the Grand Theatre on Calle Cervantes. The 26th Infantry Band was engaged to furnish music, merchants supplied flags and bunting, and the Elks Club installed their electric flag on the stage as a background for the committee and the speakers. The army and nary and the reteran army of the Philippines attended, the latter organization marching into the theatre in a body. Four thousand Americans, men, women, and children, were gathered. Among the speakers was Congressman Kinney, of Rock Island, Ill. The display of the insurrecto flags is believed to be no expression of the entire Filipino people. Their politicians are responsible for the enactment of the first bit of harsh law to be made against their own people



Bluejackets from the American Cruiser Squadron Marching Through the Streets of Honolulu

THE largest parade of armed men ever seen in the streets of the Hawaiian capital took place August 16, last, when the sailors and marines from our armored cruisers were sent ashore. The white and native population felt that this show of fighting men acted as a valuable object-lesson to the 65,000 Orientals who have emigrated to the islands

# The Boss of Breathitt

# The Story of a Kentucky County and its Overlord

Caleb Powers, who has spent seven years in a Kentucky prison and been convicted three times of complicity in the murder of William Goebel, Democratic Governor-Elect in 1899, once engaged in a debate in which he supported the contention that "the earth is round, and the sun is stationary." Two country ministers, who relied upon the Bible to prove that the world is flat, opposed him. In the story of his life, Powers says that "the judges decided against me as promptly as a Goebelite jury of the present day decides against a political opponent." The stranger rubs his eyes in bewilderment at the truth about "Kentucky justice," the close interweaving of politics with the administration of the criminal law in that State, and the existence of such a Middle Ages character as James Hargis. A second article will deal with Caleb Powers and his trials

# By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD



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charged with three murders, proprietor, with his brother, of the "Mammoth Department Store" in Jackson, Kentucky, was acquitted the other day at Sandy Hook of the charge of procuring the murder of Dr. B. Cox. The trial vividly illustrated the grip that Hargis has on Breathitt County, and indicated an influence that extends beyond the county's borders to the State-house at Frankfort. Hargis is the king of Breathitt. He has a faculty for being genial with everybody; he has money, a rough diplomacy, and political influence to hold a tremendous following, and to maintain over the class in Breathitt whose trigger fingers are most affected by corn whisky, a protecting patronage and mastery. His followers believe that he can procure a pardon for any one whose political complexion is right, and who can prove his usefulness in a game played in a region educated by the old-fashioned feuds, by inter-family killings, and the vendetta. That the House of Hargis has numbered among its retainers the "bad men of Breathitt" is common knowledge in Jackson. That they were in nearly full possession of the legal machinery of a county where the law seldom became acquainted with enforcement is undisputed. That human life is held cheap in the realm of Hargis is proved by three recent murder trials.

The Bloody Aftermath of the Election of 1901

## The Bloody Aftermath of the Election of 1901

BREATHITT COUNTY already has this distinction: Jackson, its small county seat, has come to be called the City of Sudden Death. The town perches on a series of muddy foot-hills. One receives the impression that the houses, whitewashed, painted without regard to harmony of color, are there only for a moment; that they have come in from the country, like the lean, grim, sallow, loose-gaited mountaineers, and have gathered on the banks of the yellow, log-ridden Kentucky River to take a drink and move on. But Jackson is permanent, and the Hargises are its royal family. The court-house and the Hargis store stand face to face, the muddy street between. A fence runs from the back of the store to the Hargis stable, thence down toward the river to the residence of the King Hargis. Over in the court-house was the office of Ed. Callahan, sheriff of the county and prime minister to the King. In their hands rested the absolute control of the court-house, and of criminal prosecutions in the county. Any one promised immunity from arrest and conviction by Hargis believed that the promise was as good as the fulfilment. The county was being governed from the Hargis store, and in the office above the store was a supply of ammunition and firearms which, the stranger learns, might be borrowed by any one who stood well with the King.

of ammunition and firearms which, the stranger learns, might be borrowed by any one who stood well with the King, and which served as a demonstration for moral effect, like a nation's display of a squadron of battleships.

Hargis himself is a very large man, with sloping shoulders. He resembles some well-fed police inspector. He has the bearing of one who gives orders and takes none. Though three of his brothers have been killed in Breathitt County, he does not look like a feudist of the "good, old-fashioned kind." He talks shyly to the stranger, ventures the opinion that the press has sadly abused him, and offers to show the stranger his store.

Such is the man who went to Sandy Hook in July to stand trial for his life. The story of the assassinations leading to his arrest is not difficult to learn. Many citizens in Jackson were witnesses of the important events that preceded and followed the killings, and

others saw the actual murders. Some of these witnesses have discreetly disappeared, but many remain who tell, both in and out of court, a narrative too nicely dovetailed to be doubted.

The election of 1901 was the beginning of trouble. Hargis was Democratic candidate for county judge, Ed. Callahan for sheriff, and James Cockrell for town marshal. An election in Breathitt is to the ordinary election, in the matter of excitement for sheriff, and James Cockrell for town marshal. An election in Breathitt is to the ordinary election, in the matter of excitement, as x² × 60 is to x; and the campaign of 1901 was particularly bitter even for Breathitt. The Democratic machine being in control of Hargis, he was declared elected, as was also Callahan. There was a contest, however. J. B. Marcum, a young attorney of Jackson, was engaged to represent the contestants. During the taking of testimony in Marcum's office, with Hargis and Callahan present, a row in which revolvers were produced started. For his part in the affair, Marcum went to the police judge and paid his fine. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Hargis. James and Tom Cockrell, brother officers, tried to serve the warrant. This led to more trouble. A few days later Tom Cockrell and Ben Hargis came together, and Ben Hargis and held without bail.

Dr. B. D. Cox, being the guardian of Tom Cockrell, asked for his release on bail. The agitation was taken up by the citizens of Jackson, and grew to such proportions that even the House of Hargis could perceive the gathering of

insects. Out of the dark there bellowed the voices of three shotguns from under the fence by the Hargis barn, and Dr. Cox cried out: "Oh, Lord, oh, Lord!"
These were his last words. Men who have confessed to firing the shots testified that back of the Hargis house, on the slope toward the river, stood Judge Hargis, who commended them, saying: "You got him, boys. I heard him bellow like a big bull!"
Judge Hargis was county judge. Callahan was sheriff, but no investigation or arrests were made. Jackson citizens were a little timid about suggesting that anything be done to punish the murderers or to check further assassinations.

It was hotter weather when the

derers or to check further assassinations.

It was hotter weather when the town marshal, James Cockrell, stood on the corner across from the court-house after eating his midday meal. A volley of shots blazed out of the upper window of the court-house itself. Cockrell started to run down an alley. This was almost his last act of volition. Judge Hargis was county judge. Callahan was sheriff, but the court-house held the assassins till dark, guarded from investigation by Callahan's deputies, and nothing was done to apprehend the murderers. Several persons witnessed the killing. Among them was John Patrick, who was told that he had better slip quietly away. He departed.

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The House of Hargis, however, now began to receive some unwelcome publicity. Patrick was in Lexington and wrote that he would come to Breathitt if given protection and tell what he knew. Within a few days thereafter James B. Marcum, who opposed the Hargis faction in the election cases, sent to a newspaper the statement that his life was in danger, and with this was published an affidavit of one Mose Feltner, a shambling, good-natured, rather well-educated mountaineer. He stated that Judge Hargis and Ed. Callahan had arranged for him to shoot Marcum in the back. Feltner told of another arrangement by which he, John Smith, John Abner, and Tom White, pardoned through Hargis's influence for a former killing, were to shoot down Marcum from a quarry near Marcum's residence. He told also of a third plot for White to shoot Marcum from the Hargis store, which failed because Marcum at that time carried his little baby in his arms wherever he went, and of how Hargis had upbraided White for not shooting, and said: "You ought to have sent the child to hell with him. They will all have to be killed when they grow up, anyway."



JUDGE JAMES HARGIS

The deposed ruler of a section of Kentucky where it has been said by a native humorist that "the only law is the pure feud law." Hargis has been tried for procuring three murders



SANDY HOOK, KENTUCKY

A desolate, almost inaccessible spot, thirty-five miles from a railroad, with a population of one hundred, was chosen by Hargis for staging his own marder trial

At the same time a number of Hargis's enemies

left Jackson.

But Dr. Cox did not leave town. One evening he was lured out of his office by a call for his services. His home faced that of Judge Hargis. The streets of Jackson are unlighted. A lantern carried in the hand plays a tune of light upon the palings of the fence along that road, and on a spring evening attracts

# The Killing of Marcum

NONE of these printed letters and affidavits tended to soften the spirit of the Hargis faction. Besides, Marcum was about to represent the election contestants, and also to produce testimony as to the plots against him.

Mrs. Marcum still lives in Jackson, just across the street from the Hargis property. She is a slight woman with a firm jaw; a light burns in her eyes. She is bringing up her children in Jackson, and some of them are boys. Mrs. Marcum will recite to the stranger

in Breathitt, in a calm, even voice, the story of that reign of terror when she walked with her husband about the town hoping to protect him, hoping that those who had planned to take her husband's life would not shoot at a woman; waiting with clasping and unclasping hands for his return on those occasions when he had ventured out alone without her or without his baby. was Breathitt's

clasping nands for his return on those occasions when he had ventured out alone without her or without his baby. "Curt" Jett killed Marcum. "Curt" was Breathitt's premier "bad man." He has confessed to the crime, and according to that confession, which he has since retracted, Hargis and Callahan arranged the pre-

and Cananan arranged the pre-paratory matters.

Marcum was shot as he stood on the court-house steps in the sunlight. Jett came out of the court-house door, brought Mar-cum down with the first shot, and then fired another "to make

Hargis was county judge. Callahan was sheriff. Hargis, leaning on the counter of his store, Callahan, in a rocking chair, saw the killing. Neither hurried into action. They said they could not see the assassin because of the smoke: Jett used smokeless cartridges. Jett ran back into the court-house; Callahan thought it dangerous for any one to go in there to search for the murderer. Perhaps he was right. Captain B. J. Ewen was standing beside Marcum when the latter went

Perhaps he was right. Captain B. J. Ewen was standing beside Marcum when the latter went down. He testifies that he saw who did the work, but that when he was called to the Hargis stronghold and asked if he knew anything, fear caused him to deny the record of his eyes; and that Hargis then said: "Ewen, you are the smartest man in the United States. You didn't see who fired that shot." Jett remained in town for a few days after the killing. No one molested him. He was notoriously "bad," a nephew of the Hargis brothers, a curious character who a few days before the killing had rescued a boy from drowning by jumping off a bridge into a log-jammed eddy of the Kentucky River, and when sober lived up to his own rough code of morals. He drank freely, however, and felt no fear in Jackson. The machinery for arresting and convicting criminals was in the hands of the House of Hargis. Jett himself had held the position of turnkey of the jail.

## The Ramitications of a Breathitt Feud

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SUCH was the story of the Breathitt assassinations that stirred up Kentucky. But the stranger of an inquisitive mind in Jackson may spend weeks in learning all that these killings involved; all the branching lines of jealousies, hatreds, histories, and events which are attached to these main incidents. One man out of every two connected with the Cox, Cockrell, and Marcum murders had previously killed some one, or has since been killed by somebody. These killings bear upon others. One criminal trial involves the next. One electron may mean in this land that neither forgets nor forgives a hundred sudden deaths. The clerk in the store loses his position because his sister's husband has shot at the storekeeper's brother. Before much time has passed a quarrel between two has resolved itself into a bitterness that spreads over the whole town or country like an infectious disease that is beyond diagnosis and has its run just as scarlet fever works in and out of the system.

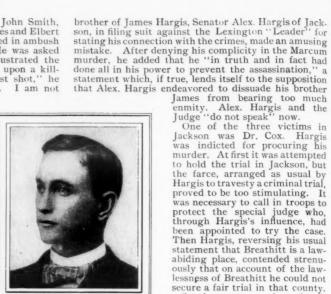
Nowhere, perhaps, is the character of the shooting men of Breathitt so well read as in the testimony given at the time Judge Hargis was successfully seeking to be admitted to bail a few months ago. Alex. Hargis stated that "there has been no enforcement of law for fortry years that I know of." A deputy sheriff, Hiram Centers, was asked whether at a previous trial he had seen one Ance White with a gun protruding from his pocket. "Would you allow a man to stay in court exposing a pistol?" he was asked. "If the Court didn't mind," he answered. Some of the testimony of Ance White himself will reveal the character of most of the testimony in all these trials. "I was down to the courthouse," said White, telling about the Cockrell trial, "and Judge Hargis came to me and asked me if I had a pistol, and I told him no, and he told me to come to the store with him, and I went, and we walked around behind the counter, and he pulled out a drawer, and there was a 45-Colt laying there, and he says: 'You take this pistol and

Not at all times. When I set down she'd reach I touch me in the face."
Which end did you have up?"
Muzzle end."

Asbury Spicer was testifying that he, John Smith, and John Abner had been procured by James and Elbert Hargis and Callahan to kill Cox, and placed in ambush under the cover of the Hargis fence. He was asked who fired the first shot. His answer illustrated the nonchalance with which these men look upon a killing. "I think John Smith fired the first shot," he replied, "and Abner was setting down. I am not







Dr. B. D. Co.

James Cockrell

J. B. Marcun

JUDGE HARGIS HAS BEEN TRIED FOR PROCURING THE KILLING OF THESE THREE MEN

Though Hargis has been acquitted of conspiring to have these men killed, Dr. Cox's heirs have sued him in a civil action for \$100,000 for causing Cox's death. Mrs. Marcum has been awarded \$8,000 by a jury in a similar action against Hargis

sure, because I reckon I had dozed off to sleep." The same John Smith referred to in the statement afterward confessed to being one of the assassins who killed Cockrell from the court-house windows, and his confession implicates John Abner and "Curt" Jett. "Hargis and Callahan," he writes, "told me Abner was going to give us all away. They told me they would give me \$roo if I would take Abner off and come back without him." So it seemed that whatever may be true of honor among thieves there was no safety among assassins.

sasassins.

That Judge James Hargis, member of the Democratic State Committee and county judge, and Ed. Callahan, sheriff of his county, had a hand in these Breathitt murd rs is the assumption of the prosecution. It was the belief of a jury that gave Mrs. Marcum a verdict for \$8,000 in a civil suit for damages against him. All three of the victims, Dr. Cox, Town Marshal Cockrell, and the attorney. J. B. Marcum, were his enemies. All three at the time they were shot were pressing their interest against his. All three were shot from buildings over which he had control—his own property and the court-house. Of the five men who pulled triggers in these shootings, three, "Curt" Jett, John Smith, and Asbury Spicer, have confessed, have told dove-



Mrs. J. B. MARCUM

The most dramatic figure in Breathitt. Though her husband was assassi-nated, she is bringing up her bops in the "City of Sudden Death," where he practised law and was murdered

Sandy Hook is a truck patch which furnishes the main support of the families. To the stranger it seems a grotesque setting for the trial of an important case. Inaccessible, and surrounded by a wilderness, it would seem impossible that a serious judicial drama could be played there. But to the wise the reason was plain. Another such outcome was to be avoided as that at Jackson, where Special Judge "Old Bill" Carnes had conducted one trial in such a way as to excite the citizens to indignant protest. In the sweltering heat of July the trial opened. In the scrawled walls, the stage was set. Special Judge "Old Bill" Carnes, who had come so near to turning the Jackson farce into a tragedy that the militia was necessary to save the situation, had been replaced by Judge Moody, whom Governor Beckham had assigned to the case only a few days before. Judge Hargis had driven over from Breathitt County two days before the trial began. For the entertainment of the unusual crowd a traveling showman had set up a frame of "nigger babies." Knocking these down with soggy baseballs was a popular sport, and Judge Hargis joined as heartily as any. Marbles and foot races were popular. Judge Hargis lent his encouragement to these sports. The town was packed. Later it divided itself into two camps. The prosecution's witnesses played marbles by themselves. Hargis's supporters flocked together before the tent with the "nigger babies." The newspaper correspondents brought into Sandy Hook a telegraph instrument and attached it to telephone wires, to the astonishment of the natives.

proved to be too stimulating. It was necessary to call in troops to protect the special judge who, through Hargis's influence, had been appointed to try the case. Then Hargis, reversing his usual statement that Breathitt is a lawabiding place, contended strenuously that on account of the law-lessness of Breathitt he could not secure a fair trial in that county

lessness of Breathitt he could not secure a fair trial in that county. So the case was brought to Sandy Hook. A stranger wonders why. "Kentucky has never heard of Sandy Hook," said a witness. "And I don't believe that Sandy Hook has ever heard of Kentucky," replies another. The town has twenty-odd buildings and a tiny, box-like county court-house which looks like a modest livery stable. Perhaps a hundred people live there. There are thirty miles of unspeakable roads

nundred people live there. There is no telegraph line. There are thirty miles of unspeakable roads between the court-house and the railway. Mail comes twice a week. Behind each house in Sandy Hook is a truck patch which furnishes the main support of the families. To the stranger

of the families. To the stranger

THE GRAND JURY THAT INDICTED JETT AND WHITE "Mountain Men" -characteristic Breathitt County citizen.

tailed stories, and have stated that the Judge procured them to commit the murders. One of the other two has offered a confession in exchange for favors. Another witness has testified that Hargis attempted to induce him to do the killing. From the time of the murders to this day neither the Judge nor Ed. Callahan, who was his sheriff and has been accused with him, have ever made even a colorable attempt to run down the murderers. On the two occasions when the courthouse held the assassins a search of the building was forbidden. Several witnesses have testified to show that by bribes or other inducements efforts were made by Hargis to suppress all investigation. Two of the Hargis lieutenants have been fined a total of \$8,000, the largest fine for contempt of court ever imposed, for spiriting adverse witnesses out of the State by bribes and promises of protection to be procured from the hands of the Governor of the commonwealth. A

# The Story Leading up to the Sandy Hook Farce

A GAINST this James Hargis, who in the hot July sunlight sauntered up and down in front of the little court-house in Sandy Hook, there was evidence sufficient to convict a half-dozen defendants, were that many being tried with Powers, for complicity in the murder of Goebel. Even many of the Democratic organs of the Commonwealth have freely stated their belief in the guilt of Hargis. There is so much evidence against him that when Mrs. Marcum went down to Clark County and brought civil suit for the killing of her husband and the deprivation of his support, the jury said that he, with others, had procured the Marcum murder and gave her \$8,000 damages. This verdict, judgment, and the unparalleled fines imposed by Judge Benton of Winchester on the defendants for kidnaping witnesses, was affirmed by the Kentucky Court of Appeals. When Hargis was later tried criminally for being an accessory to the Marcum murder, the trial was held in Beattyville, Lee County, a region well under the Hargis influence, and Kentucky newspapers, reporting the trial, called the acquittal a verdict of a "packed jury."

Some picturesque court sessions have been attended by the attorneys who were at Sandy Hook to prosecute

"packed jury."
Some picturesque court sessions have been attended by the attorneys who were at Sandy Hook to prosecute and defend James Hargis. Before the Hargis reign was broken by the last Breathitt election in which the anti-Hargis faction, called the "hog-backers." won over the Hargis ring, who were suggestively entitled the "midnighters," Mrs. Marcum swore out a warrant for the arrest of Judge Hargis. The examination took place in Jackson before a Hargis magistrate, one Wick Allen

Wick as a judicial person was highly amusing. He frankly and ungrammatically stated his position, which was partizan. W. H. Blanton, an anti-Hargis attorney and one of the characters of Breathitt County, stood the procedure as long as he could. "Finally," says he, in telling of the affair, "I jumped up and says to Wick: By God, this court can go to the devil." Hargis was freed. Then, too, when in the Beattyville trial Attorney Young made his argument for Hargis a philippic against Byrd and Jouett, Hargis's prosecutors, an amused spectator covertly conveyed a jesting verdict to the court in these words: "We, the jury in the trial of James Hargis, find the defendant, Byrd, guilty, and say that he shall be hung by the neck until dead; and find B. R. Jouett guilty and say that he be imprisoned for life." The true verdict was a second acquittal for Judge Hargis.

Aside from the farcical court proceeding, Hargis's influence showed most clearly in the difficulty of obtaining witnesses against him. It was common talk

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clearly in the difficulty of obtaining witnesses against him. It was common talk in the county that if a man started to leave Breathitt to testify against Hargis he had better say an unusually solemn good-by to his friends, and preferably slip away on evenings when there was no moon. Men who had already testified against him carried no lights when they fared out at night, and did not sleep on the first floor beside an open window. When Mose Feltner and Sam Fields, who were involved in the cases, were wanted to testify at Winchester, the sheriff of Clark County, Woodson McCord, had to go after them into the mountain and in returning had to take them through Jackson to the railroad station in broad daylight. The three men, fearing an attack by the Hargis retainers, rode through the streets of the little town with guns across their saddles.

the streets of the little town with guis across their saddles.

At the opening session of court Judge Moody sat on the school-teacher's platform, with a conventional white porcelain pitcher filled with water before him. It was the same kind of pitcher that is illustrated above its name in the first reader. Every one put aside

his coat. Suspenders were prominent. Flies buzzed in and out. Occasionally the Judge mopped his forehead. It was hot. A pig grunted beneath the window, The most important murder trial in Kentucky was now in session—the curtain was up.

That the prosecution had not been able to procure some of their most important witnesses was common

one would insist upon an immediate trial at this special term; some of their necessary witnesses, though willing to attend, were out of the State and others were ill. The statement of what they had intended to prove by their witnesses indicated a stronger case than Judge Hargis had ever been obliged to meet.

It was natural enough that they had asked for time in which to get their witnesses to inaccessible Sandy Hook. But Judge Moody put off a decision upon this question until a jury had been sworn. And now, leaning over the white water pitcher, he refused to consider it. A large gander, the pet of Sandy Hook, waddled past the door of the court-room and squawked down the steps. The attorneys for the prosecution withdrew from the case. The jury listened to the drone of a bee which had invaded this humble hall of justice. Dehold then! Judge Moody speaks. The curtain is about to drop. Judge Hargis examines his thumb. For all that Moody can find to do in this situation is to direct the jury to bring in a verdict of acquittal!

Out of the ridiculous court-house of Elliott County there walked an astounded line of attorneys, newspaper correspondents, spectators, jurymen, stenographers, and witnesses. Judge James Hargis of Breathitt County, the last charge against him wiped off the slate, smiled. The whole affair was rather amusing. Sandy Hook had become famous.

So to-day Judge Hargis is walking about his store in Jackson. When he looks out of his show window he sees the court-house of the county. From that court-house, over which he and Sheriff Callahan had complete control, and which is just across the street from the store, two of the murders were committed; the building erected for the enforcement of law, Fate, with grim cynicism, has made the ambush and the safe harbor of assassins. When Hargis goes home to lunch he passes his gate and the stable from which Dr. Cox was shot. Farther down the street is Mrs. Marcum's residence. The Judge does not go on to chat with her and meet her black, searching eyes.





"Curt" Jett, posing with his gun

THESE MEN WERE PROMINENT IN BREATHITT CRIME

Smith has told in court a remarkable story of the plot-tings and intrigues by which Judge Hargis hoped to rid himself of those who opposed him. Jett made little attempt to conceal his part in the killing of Marcum on the court-house steps; as a nephew of the House of Hargis he probably felt fairly secure from prosecution

knowledge. They claimed that they had expected no appointment of a judge at that time, and that the defendant's attorneys had led them to believe that no

# The Japanese and the Pacific Coast

The Third Article of the Series dealing with the Anti-Oriental Movement -The Congestion in Northern California

# By WILL IRWIN

HEN the San Francisco School Board ordered 93

School Board or dered 93 Japanese pupils into a separate Oriental School, and when, later, a labor-union boycott against Japanese restaurants brought about a small fight, magnified by the newspapers into a riot, the United States became aware that there was a Japanese problem across the Sierra, and took it for granted that in these disturbances lay the whole quarrel between the Pacific Coast and Japan. These little expressions of race feeling may be dismissed as cheap politics—as mere incidents of a deeplying irritation. At the very time when San Francisco was making war on 93 schoolboys, the Seattle public schools were getting along peaceably with 329 Japanese children and young men. The little San Francisco quarrel became an international issue only because of the fierce new racial pride of the Japanese, which makes them call on the Empire to avenge any and every affront to their peace and dignity. Children with a new toy, they like to hear it squeak.

The real problem in California has little relation to these disturbances. It is not political, hardly social; it is industrial. It has its roots, not in San Francisco lives. The Japanese population of the State is about 60,000 in an adult male working population of 300,000. Not more than 10,000 inhabit Southern California, the region tributary to Los Angeles. The rest, except for a colony of 7,000 in the city itself, are scattered evenly over the great valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin and the smaller valleys of their mountain fringes, tributary to San Francisco. There lies the real Japanese problem; to understand it one must understand something of past history and present conditions in Northern California.

Alta California inherited from the Spaniards their tradition of feudal estates. The early ranchers, who

raised cattle and grain in the days when those products gave enormous returns, farmed like kings.

When the bottom fell out of wheat, and the great estates began to break up, there followed the era of fruit. But the feudal tradition ling red; the very fertility of soil helped to maintain it. The fruit farmer, given rich land and fair luck with his crop, makes good money out of incredibly small tracts. A ten-acre orange grove at Riverside furnishes a small living; a forty-acre grape patch at Fresno a competence. The grower, after he got his start, found the land rich enough to support two sets of workers—the owner, a pure business man, and the company of laborers who pruned his trees or vines in winter, and harvested his crop in the fall. There arose a class of farmers who never touched hoe to the ground; and that remains the type in Northern California. That semi-feudal condition explains the graciousness of small-town life in California, the citified alertness and culture of the Californian farmer. He is a feudal lord; his life approximates that of the slave-holding class before the war.

the war.

The system demanded its serf class; the serf was ready in the steady, honest Chinaman, content to do a day's work for moderate pay and to live apart. The "tramp" American laborer, who made his way from region to region following the fruit harvest, went his way to conditions which he liked better; the Portuguese came, worked until he made his stake, and started small farming for himself; the Chinaman remained on the job.

small farming for himself; the Chinaman remained on the job.

Then came the day when the Chinese, unrenewed since the Exclusion Acts of the early eighties, grew old and dwindled to industrial insignificance. The community began to feel it about eight or ten years ago, and just then the Japanese, lured from home or from Hawaii by the letters of their pioneers, arrived in numbers. Within a year or two more the lordly Californian farmer awoke to realize that these people, whom he had taken for serfs like the Chinese, did not intend to remain serfs; that they were potential industrial kings

Vacaville, in Solano County, some forty miles from San Francisco, was once the boast of the California promoter for its great productiveness on a small acreage. Now it is held up by the anti-Japanese



agitator as an awful ex-ample. Although an ex-treme case, its history yet erves to illustrate Japanese

methods.

Vacaville grew rich on deciduous fruits—peaches, apricots, pears, and prunes. The summer months bring a great demand for pubers. There, as elsewhere, the standard laborer was the Chinese. The first Japanese arrivals worked for low wages—sometimes only half

K. Abiko

Pres. Japanese Association

Pres. Japanese Association

Began to displace the Chinese, who, with the fine, gentlemanly scorn of their race, moved on to other fields. The Japanese hastened the movement a little by beating up. Chinese laborers. Here, by the way, is a comedy element in the situation. The Japanese laborer hates and despises the Chinese as much as he himself is hated and despises the Chinese as much as he himself is hated and despises the Chinese as much as he himself is hated and despised by the white hoodlum. For every Japanese who has been a target for a brick in San Francisco, some Chinaman has been pounded within an inch of his life by a Japanese farm-hand.

Having got their foothold, the Japanese raised prices. They appeared to have no formal union; they did have a thorough understanding among themselves. When wages went up on one ranch, they went up on all the ranches. The Japanese began, further, to apply a method which has done everything to make them unpopular with farmers. A Japanese head man would deliver a gang of laborers and agree to keep them on the job until the season closed at a wage of \$1.25 a day. In the height of the season, and when the labor supply was all taken up, these men would suddenly throw down their baskets and ask for \$1.75 a day or some other fancy price. The farmer, caught, had to allow the raise or see his fruit rot on the trees.

When the Japanese approached the orchard-owners with proposals to lease the trees, paying a lump sum every season, it came as a kind of relief from bickerings. The farmer found that he could ensure payment of the lease by arranging that the packing and shipping

houses, still in white hands, should give him all receipts from the crop until his lease was satisfied. However, some owners preferred to work their own land. Usually the Japanese made it pretty disagreeable for them. Four years ago a white farmer asked his Japanese contractor for a gang of laborers. "No, I want to lease your orchard," said the Japanese. "Nothing doing," said the American; and he started out to find a crew. Truly, there was nothing doing. No Japanese would work for him; he was forced to lease. This happened not once, but many times.

Sixty-five per cent of the ranches in the Vaca Valley are now worked under lease by the Japanese. Most of the remaining orchards are tilled wholly or in part by Japanese hands. Of late, they have begun conservatively to buy—they own eight orchards in all. Doubtless this movement would have gone on faster had it not been for the uncertainty brought about by the war talk and by a shelved bill in the State Legislature which practically provided that no Asiatic might hold land. Vacaville is troubled by another Japanese trait—their tendency to keep the balance of trade always on their own side. In their quarter they have their stores, their bank, their eternal billiard halls, their restaurants, their Missions. Frank Muriyama, head man, houses, still in white hands, should give him all receipts

their eternal billiard halls, their restaurants, their Missions. Frank Muriyama, head man, runs the bank and the largest store. He sells in his place everything that a Japanese may want, from a souvenir postal card to a wagon. His countrymen buy almost exclusively from him or from his small Japanese competitors. In the summer months such white laborers as still come to Vacaville for the picking camp white laborers as still come to Vacaville for the picking camp along the creek beds between the ranches. Formerly these camps had their supplies brought out to them from American stores by the sufferance of the farmers. The American merchants never seemed to think of rural free delivery. Frank Muriyama has just put out six delivery wagons to catch this trade. Moreover, the Japanese, paying lower rents, ready to accept small profits to catch American customers, are doing some store business—and that American customers, are doing some store business—and that in the face of popular feeling—with the poorer whites. "Damn a man who would buy from a Jap or sell his ranch to one," said my driver. "There are those who do it, though."

## Overworked Orchards

THE way of a Japanese with leased land furnishes a just cause of irritation. One may so prune an orchard as to keep

The way of a Japanese with leased land furnishes a just cause of irritation. One may so prune an orchard as to keep the trees healthy with a moderate crop, or he may so prune as to get an enormous crop at the expense of tree health. This last, say the white land-owners, is how a Japanese prunes. I looked over two adjoining orchards, one leased by a Japanese company, its neighbor across the creek owned by them. The trees on the first property, the leased one, looked overworked and unhealthy. The house, too, was out of repair Across the creek the trees were healthy and flourishing. The new owners had begun to set out a garden, to make things shipshape and home-like. The object-lesson was there before me.

All this is from the American point of view. There is, however, a defense of comparison for the Japanese: Americans exploiting a new foreign land would doubt-less get control of things by methods just as obnoxious to the native people, would show as little regard for the permanent interests of the country. "But the Chinese never acted that way," sighs Vacaville. Everywhere the same comparison. The Coast is judging the Japanese not by the new European immigrant, but by that pattern of old fidelity, that model for serfs, the Chinese.

Vacaville complains of Japanese bad faith in business. Fresno, land of promise for the Oriental, throws further light on this trait of the little brown man. Fresno is a city of 30,000 people, and the centre of a region ridiculously rich and prosperous. Although this district produces much deciduous fruit, the grape is king. It holds the raisin supply of the world in the hollow of its hand; it produces fortunes in coarse wines. Now to pick grapes successfully from ground vines, a man must squat; and that posture, unnatural to a white man, is native to the Oriental. The Chinese were the grape pickers of this region until the younger, quicker, and more enterprising Japs came along to take the work to themselves. They never got the whip hand at Fresno as they have at Vacaville. The Ameri

was going to pay him, would drop everything and skip mid-season if a turn of the weather or of the market made his bargain unprofitable. The Chinese contractor never did that. "If I don't catchum this time, catchum nex'," he would say, and go on with the job. Again, the Americans drew the odious comparison. But the Japanese were there; the Americans had to find some way of getting along with them.

## Rapid Success

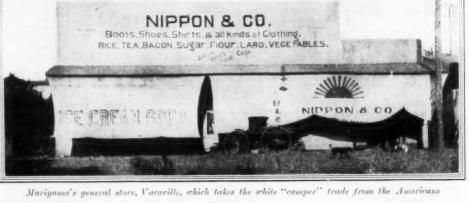
R KAMIKAWA was on the spot—Kamikawa, the good start already when the Americans found that they could trust him. Contracts and appeals for his name on contract bonds began to come his way. He made a certain adjustment with his countrymen; and immediately his business grew beyond imagination. Now he has a general store with a stock which he estimates at \$100,000, a stable of fine horses, and the trade of half the Japanese harvesters. He is vice-president of the

in business. These object-lessons, and a few others like them, have had their effect on the Fresno Japanese. The farmers admit that "the Japs are getting honest." In fact, the Fresno Chamber of Commerce has registered that opinion for the Japanese Government.

That Fresno colony—two thousand in winter, five thousand to six thousand in picking time—has prospered wonderfully. Wages are high and opportunities large. In the picking season the Japanese get \$2.50 to \$3 for day labor. They prefer, however, to do piece work at so much a tray; and the best among them make at this game \$7 a day for a season of six weeks. These are phenomenal pickers, willing to work from dark to dark; but fairly good ones make \$5. The uncertainty of the political situation has not kept them from buying land. They own at least 1,500 acres of vineyards. A Japanese theatre on the outskirts of their village runs all the year round. The Buddhist Temple, supported by a vineyard of 150 acres given as a permanent endowment, is a centre for their social activities. Here the Christian element is less active than the Buddhist. It runs the other way in most of the other Pacific Coast colonies.

I saw the Japanese come into Fresno for the grape-picking—two or three thousand in two days. They tumbled by scores from every train—little, clean, chattering boys, carrying their worldly goods in straw telescope baskets. Hardly one appeared to be more than twenty-five years old. In face and manner they gave the impression of the adventurous, wandering, eager youths that they are. The Oriental quarter bustled with large preparation. Bundles of blankets, boxes of provisions, made the sidewalks impassable. Trucks, come to take supplies and gangs to the interior, waited in long lines their turn to load. Every one of Kamikawa's twenty-five

take supplies and gangs to the interior, waited in long lines their turn to load. Every one of Kamikawa's twenty-five clerks, including his two Japanese shop-girls, worked all night. China Alley, Tenderloin of the Oriental quarter, quivered with life. Every pool table was running with long waiting lists. Up over the billiard rooms, where Americans are forbidden, Chinese gamblers were extracting Japanese earnings at fan-tan.





Pear-picker, Buck Ranch









The Japanese quarter, San Francisco. It oc cupies an old region of middle-class houses, made over into lodging-houses and store:



K. Ito, type of the small contractor, who controls

Japanese-American Bank of San Francisco, and owns, with his brothers, four smaller stores in different parts of the State.

of the State.

Kamikawa runs the business on a system of his own. The American farmer makes his contract for the pruning or picking of a grape patch with Kamikawa direct. Kamikawa hands the job over to a sub-contractor. He sees that the underling keeps his agreement; sees, anyway, that the American owner does not lose. He gets no money from the contract, but it is sublet only on the condition that the contractor's men shall buy their supplies from him alone. In short, it is his method of getting and holding trade for his store. Last August he controlled two thousand Japanese in this fashion. Kamikawa was a plain emigrant fifteen years ago.

fashion. Kamikawa was a plain emigrant fifteen years ago.

Again, take Henry Kikihama. When he was a new contractor, just out of his apprenticeship with the English language, he agreed to pick a vineyard for Dewitt Gray. The cards so fell that he stood to lose. He went on and shouldered his debt—"just like a Chinaman." Next season, two young and green contractors, sons of a Japanese merchant of Sacramento, signed up with Gray. They did some foolish business and ran behind. Kikihama approached Gray in their behalf. "Their father will be angry and take away their chance," said he, "fix it so that they won't lose." Gray made concessions, and the two boys "broke even." From these incidents there rose a mutual esteem and understanding which has made Kikihama



Japanese earnings at fan-tan.

An Orderly Crowd

ALTHOUGH some of the Japanese were drinking, no disorder marked the two days when they packed Chinatown. Imagine by contrast 3,000 European laborers coming into a town with full pockets! The police had nothing to do. All Friday night this kept up; Saturday morning they began to scatter. Wagons loaded down with provisions, grape-trays, blankets, and Japs moved down every road. The Japanese laborer, by the way, will not begin a job on Friday. He has absorbed the superstition of the crucifixion, at any rate. By Monday morning the leafy mantle which the vine-yards spread about Fresno was polka-dotted with the straw hats of Japanese pickers.

The tale of what the Japanese are doing is concerned with all the farming communities of Northern California. While they have concentrated at Vacaville as in retile Santa Clara. They harvest the hops of the North Coast country. They have followed the Chinese into the rich "reclaimed" land of the river mouths, where they make small fortunes every year in leases. I talked last August with a tall, fine-faced Japanese whose name I missed upon introduction. "I am a farmer," he said. "I lease lands along the San Joaquin River and raise vegetables—mostly potatoes. My laborers are all Japanese. I lease each piece of land for only two or three years in all; then I move on to another tract. That is better, for my way of doing business, than rotation of crops. My Japanese are better farmers than their white neighbors. You see, we're brown and yellow, the color of the soil!" I found afterward that this was George Shima, known as the "Potato King." Last winter he virtually cornered that crop on the San Joaquin. The newspapers say that the pool made a million dolars, of which Shima got a quarter; the Japanese guess Shima's profits at \$100,000. The skilful, enduring Japanese divers have fairly cleaned the bay shores of the giant Pacific coast abalones. The Chinese fished for abalones for half a century, and the supply never seemed to diminish;

Japanese do the fishing. Americans and Japanese the canning; while Noda sits with a Board of Directors, the rest of whom are Americans. So it goes, over all Northern California.

If he is willing to spend a little money on travel—and here, often, his employers help him out—the Japanese laborer may find work all the year round in California. In the spring there will be beet topping for the big trust factories near Salinas in the Coast country Then comes the early fruit, such as cherries and afterward apricots. The later fruit—such as berries in the Pajaro Valley, peaches, pears, and apples everywhere—brings a heavy demand. Next in order is the bonanza grape harvest. Before it is over, prunes and hops are ripe. Beet topping follows. Then, in the winter, the extreme south and the extreme north clamor for orange pickers. This demand does not take up all the supply, but railroad labor and woodchopping absorb the surplus. Away up in the Santa Cruz Mountains, on the fringe of the Big Basin country, I came out suddenly on three Japanese cabins, grouped, with that sense of composition which is an instinct in Oriental craftsmen, about a hooded well. Mackerel was drying over the roofs; a cook in jumper, overalls, and wide straw hat sat by the well reading a book and fanning himself with a paper fan.

The Small Promoter

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## The Small Promoter

The Small Promoter

PRESENTLY, Ito, the boss, came driving up the road behind a fine horse. When he was satisfied that I was not a walking delegate, he talked freely about himself and his business. He is just six years over from Hawaii, where he was a cane field laborer. He landed with \$25 and went out to service until he learned English. On borrowed capital he began contracting. Doing well the first season, he extended operations until he had four hundred men cutting grape stakes, building bridges on private roads, clearing land. "But too many men don't make much money," he said. "I got only a hundred now and do better." His crew, he said, was shipping a car load of grape stakes every day. According to his own story, Ito owns property in Santa Cruz County worth about \$7,000, besides some small investments in Hawaii. He intended, when the summer demand for grape stakes was over, to put his crew to cutting stove wood. Everywhere I found the Japanese superior in personal appearance and habits to the white laborers about them. I may add to that the testimony of an immigration offi ial who has seen service in all the main ports: "As they come through the office," he said, "they are by all odds the cleanest, the most intelligent in appearance, altogether the best, among our present immigrants." So, too, a physician in a free surgical clinic said: "Il never saw a dirty Japanese. The rest are

most intelligent in appearance, altogether the best, among our present immigrants." So, too, a physician in a free surgical clinic said: "I never saw a dirty Japanese. The rest are usually awful — but never a Japanese. Positively, they are our best patients in every repect." They are not troubled with opium like the Chinese. A few of them drink; and a drunken Japanese is likely to be a wild maniac. But in San Francisco, for example, out of three hundred Japanese arrested last year only thirteen were booked as intoxicated. Their one great vice, which conditions in this country have tended to encourage, is gambling. There, the abused Chinaman gets his sweet revenge. Your Chinese is a natural gambler. If fantan is forbidden him, he will bet, odd or even, on the seeds in an orange. The Tenderloins of the Chinese colonies support a class of sly, expert, old tin-horns, who are the cause of all the Highbinder troubles. The Japanese, too, love a little game of chance, but gambling is strictly prohibited at home. With the abandon of a Maine man turned loose in a low-license country the immigrants have plunged into this new, alluring dissipation. The Chinese tin-horn, who once swindled his own countrymen, has remained to fatten off the Japanese.

Watsonville, the centre of the Pajaro Valley, is a

his own countrymen, has remained to fatten off the Japanese.
Watsonville, the centre of the Pajaro Valley, is a study in this form of corruption. It lies in a fruit region with a famous strawberry industry. The permanent Japanese population is about 500, but 1,000 to 1,500 more come there in harvest time. The Salinas Valley, supporting a heavy Japanese population by its beet-sugar industry, is close at hand. Watsonville crowds against the border line of Santa Cruz County. Across the Pajaro River, in Monterey County, an integral part of the city, but out of its jurisdiction, stands Chinatown—two blocks of small frame houses. There the tin-horns run wide open, unlicensed fan-tan. I counted forty tables—at least one in every Chinese

store. On a mid-week night, when few Japanese were in town, I found eighteen of them running. Fan-tan is a straight and honest game on the surface, but a "fixed" game in the hands of the Chinese dealers, who have introduced certain complexities. An American who—they say in Watsonville—knows Chinatown better than any other respectable white man, told me that the Chinese gamblers take \$45,000 a month away from the Japanese in the season.

Watsonville has tried to put the lid on this district, but Monterey County, which has jurisdiction, shows no zeal for reforming the Japanese. This may not be disassociated from the fact that the land and buildings of Chinatown are owned by the John R. Porter Company, of which the real head and moving spirit is W. R. Porter, Lieutenant-Governor of California. To make the picture complete, Mr. Porter is a vestryman in the Episcopal Church at Watsonville.

In San Francisco the student class prevails; one would say that half of the seven thousand city-dwelling Japanese are there to study language and institutions

out of business and making dull times for white cooks and waiters. Here was a place where the unions had a real grievance. The boycott was applied by all the labor unions in October, 1906. Out of this grew that fight between white restaurant patrons and Japanese waiters on one side, and union pickets on the other, which Japan called a riot and which stirred up so much of the war talk. That boycott is still on; and since cheap eating-houses live by laboring men, it has put a crimp in Japanese ambition. Six of these restaurants went into bankruptcy last summer. Thirteen Japanese laundries, nine operated by electric power, are crowding the Chinese wash-houses on one side, and the American steam laundries on the other. The humble occupation of shoe cobbling has passed pretty generally into Japanese hands.

The San Francisco colony maintains those activities proper for a metropolis of 50,000 prosperous workers. It has five banks, running in stability from the branch of the Yokohama Specie to one or two which seem a little shaky. The Japanese say themselves that wild-cat finance is a fault of their people in America. Two daily newspapers, which have no hesitation in calling the sword of Masamune from its scabbard whenever a labor-union man beats up a Japanese, circulate from Portland to Los Angeles. San Francisco, with Oriental tastes in ornaments and household furnishings, has always bought Japanese and Chinese goods. Once Chinese merchants handled most of the Japanese goods. Now the shoe is on the other foot.

The Americanized Jap

# The Americanized Jap

THE Japanese dress in American fashion, use American household goods, eat European staples, and follow American fads. But they buy their goods almost entirely from their own retail stores, while those stores reach for American trade. Again that tendency to keep the balance of trade on their side.

San Francisco does not like

kenn, August 23, 1907

San Francisco does not like them. Of course, the powerful labor-union element, which finds an issue in the Japanese, is dead set in opposition. The so-called "upper class" feels a vague dislike. Modified by the admiration which one must have for their industry, their thirst for learning, the dislike is always there. A certain movement of the little brown people after the fire did nothing to allay it. When their quarter went up in smoke, the Japanese hurried out to a good midle-class residence district which lay west of the fire limit, and began to offer high rents for houses. Because they can lodge fifty Japanese in one house they could afford to out-bid the whites. On five blocks of three-story, bow-windowed houses they built up their colony of little stores, hotels, and lodging-houses. Since it was in all respects a colony, with every activity of a small city, they brought also their Tenderloin—quiet and orderly as such things go, but still a Tenderloin. Naturally, the Americans of that section, respectable middle-class people, objected to this movement, just as the upper West Side of New York would object to a raw John of the proposition of the pr

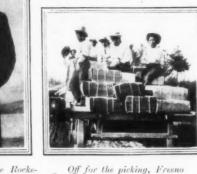


Loading stores at Kamikawa's, Fresus

Chinese gambling dens, Watsonville



Japanese Theatre, Fresno



R. Kamikawa, "the Rocke-feller of the Fresno Japanese," an immigrant fifteen years ago

as a stepping-stone. Formerly, most of these young men worked at household service. I have described the awkward situation of the Japanese houseboys in Seattle. It went the same way in San Francisco—proud, sensitive young men of blood and breeding doing menial service for people who did not understand. Lately the leaders have tried to keep their boys out of household service, believing that it degrades them; and the general impoverishment of middle-class San Francisco has helped in this.

# Various Phases of Japanese Industry

THE Japanese window-cleaning and scrubbing establishment, which lets out young men for menial service by the hour, has been for ten years a feature of San Francisco life. The Japanese employment agencies do good business with "floating" household help. They will furnish any kind of service for any emergency. If you are giving a dinner, and want to make a showing by a wholly exotic butler, you call up an agency on the telephone. "Yes, sir—dress coat, tuxedo, or frock coat?" the Japanese proprietor will ask from the other end. The Japanese cheap restaurants, serving white food to white patrons, have dropped in prosperity of late. Working more economically, and virtually on a lower wage scale, the Japanese Company could sell a better meal for twenty cents than the American rival across the street for twenty-five cents. The Japanese were putting the cheap American places



# Plays and Players

At the Theatres During the First Fortnight of the New Season

# By ARTHUR RUHL

RANKLY, the brilliance of the season's opening was not blinding. One able-bodied play, "The Thief," and that written by a Frenchman and an old story in Paris; one home-made piece, "Classmates," a popular success beyond a doubt, but scarcely to be mentioned in the same breath with last year's "The Great Divide"—these and various other mildly entertaining, undistinguished things, were the compensation offered for shutting one's self up in a theatre during the first hot fortnight of September. A barbarous time to be going to the theatre, anyway.

One of the merciful compensations of criticizing plays, instead of going to see them for fun, is that the bad parts are often quite as amusing as the good ones. If you go to the theatre to be carried away, it is exceedingly disappointing to remain, body and mind, within the sticky embrace of a hot plush chair. If you go to carry something else away, to report the isothermal variations of goodness and badness above and below what might be called the Critical Mean, the drops are, naturally, as exciting as the ascents, just as it must be as startling to the Zero Mark on a thermometer to see the mercury fall twenty degrees below him, as to climb twenty degrees above. This proves, I suppose, that the nearer one approaches the state of Complete Critic the less one knows about a play.

Speaking, however, from this purely esoteric, or zero, point of view, few even of our most indifferent pieces are unentertaining. When everything else fails, they are interesting for that curious literary astigmatism, that verbal myopia, with which so many of our playwrights are afflicted. It is inconceivable sometimes that people who can write well enough to get a play put on the stage, even to write successful plays, can be so blind to the value of words.

Consider, for an instant, "The Movers." Now there are words which, in themselves, have a magic suggestiveness and charm apart from what they mean, even though they mean nothing at all. Mr. Kipling knows how to use such words. The word "move" l

# On the Value of Mere Words

THE pressure in the spectator's mind on this meaningless, unresilient, mashed-potato phrase is further increased while he awaits the lifting of the curtain, by the following schedule in his program: Act I.—The Leighs move in. Act II.—Chudleigh moves away. Act III.—Marion moves on. Act IV.—The Rays move out. The itself which are mine merchy suggest the observed. Leighs move in. Act II.—Chudleigh moves away. Act III.—Marion moves on. Act IV.—The Rays move out The italics, which are mine, merely suggest the obsessing weight which the word has by the end of the first act. It is repeated oracularly several times during that act and the next, and by the end of the second its approach is scented half a dozen sentences away. When, therefore, Mr. Vincent Serrano, as the bankrupt broker, staggers off the stage, a pistol shot is heard from the wings, and Miss Dorothy Donnelly staggers on and faces the villainous auctioneer who has just sold their furniture, the spectator is seized with a terrible fear. He wants to close his ears, get under the seat, sink through the floor—anything to escape what he knows is coming. But he can not escape. He is as in a nightmare. The authoress must have an effective "curtain," and this is her way of getting it:

"My husband will not keep his engagement," Miss Donnelly whispers hoarsely, swaying and clutching the portière with convulsive fingers. "He has—moved away! He—has—MOVED AWAY!"

Tragedy becomes farce, pathos, bathos. The ready wits, pushing out to the aisle on their way to the nearest drink, whisper: "Let's move away." There ought to be some sort of an official at the theatre, as there is at the race-track, to put plays on the scales before they are produced and see that the words carry proper weight.

Mr. Augustus Thomas is also troubled by words. Not such obtuseness as this, but making his politer char-

weight.

Mr. Augustus Thomas is also troubled by words. Not such obtuseness as this, but making his politer characters talk as such people do in real life is generally his difficulty. In the more racy and mannish parts of his dialogue—as when in "The Rangers" the woman from

South Bend remarks: "Men will be men—especially white men in a foreign country"—he is always amusing and at ease. Mr. Thomas, had he written "The Movers," would never have made the athletic young man emit the astonishing statement that at college he





The "Ranger" accused by the heroine of having cause her brother's execution and really thinking he did do it



The love-lorn youth in "The Thief" saving a lady



One of the amusing situations in "My Wife," portrayed by Miss Billy Burke, Mr. Gottschalk, and Mr. Drew

had been great "at the hurdle-bar and trapeze"! But he does make his long-lost young gentleman in "The Rangers" announce to the people on the stage as he clasps his girl in his arms, at last: "This is my intended," as though, in that crucial instant, he were reading phrases from an etiquette book.

One man who was asked how he liked "The Rangers" said that he didn't know, as he couldn't speak Mexican. Mr. Thomas has, indeed, spread Southwestern color on in slabs. He has taken a little from "The Rose of the Rancho," lifted a scene from "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and thrown in a lot of gunplay and a moth-eaten pinto pony, to make one of the most impossible conglomerations that an experienced playwright ever turned out. A football team which has no teamwork may win for a time on star individual plays, but sooner or later it is bound to be badly beaten. In some such sort is Mr. Thomas. Year after year critics complain about his slovenly construction and crudities of taste, but his humor, wholesome enjoyment of life, and his racy, authentic dialogue generally save him. This is a time when he is the football team caught napping.

Of all the great narrative writers Tolstoy least of all, perhaps, is adapted to transference to the stage. With premeditation, almost, he disdains all the tricks and surprises of the theatre. His novels march on like life itself, with all life's surface glitter, and—although unified by an underlying diapason of fate—with all its conflicting detail. To take from one of these spacious and radiant organisms a skeleton of incident, turn it into a play for French people, then adapt this play in English, leaves Tolstoy very far away. Even an actress less hopelessly circumscribed by the conventional than Miss Harned could scarcely be expected to give life to the wholly conventional stage-machine which receives a certain esoteric interest by being called "Anna Karenina."

There is, of course, much chance for robust emotionalism, which Miss Harned attacked with abundant and not ineffective energy.

# "Le Voleur" of M. Henri Bernstein

"THE THIEF" is the first of Mr. Henry Bernstein's

"THE THIEF" is the first of Mr. Henry Bernstein's plays to be produced here, although they have been played with great success in Paris for some years, and French companies have presented them for the past season or two in Buenos Ayres, and also, if I am not mistaken, in Rio. This clever young man writes as clever Frenchmen are expected to write—that is to say, with an unerring sense for construction, a psychology logical and consistent with its own premises, and in a manner plausible and brilliant. There are neither loose ends of plot, nor crude, ill-chosen words. Everything is precise, swift, and sure, and the devices for holding the spectator in suspense are inexhaustible.

He is also very much of to-day. His Frenchmen play tennis, have yachts and motor cars, and in the French version constantly slip into their talk terse English phrases. The heroine of "Le Retour" is aggrieved that it did not occur to her bourgeois husband to provide a chamber for her which should be her ownest own, and she is ignorant of shocking his female relatives by wearing exquisite Paris dresses that have no corsets underneath. When young Fernand Legardes loafs around the house reading novels all day, his father shakes his head and mutters: "Always De Maupassant!" just as any mature New Yorker might mutter over a morbid young cub who mooned around indoors reading passionate love stories. Crisp, sophisticated moderns, these—the last word, in a way.

"The Thief" may readily be taken too seriously, although there is no denying that the last two acts—especially Mr. Bellew's long speech in the last—call out

handkerchiefs and even tears. Personally, I find it impossible to become violently harrowed over the troubles of a young woman who steals money from her hostess and best friend, in order that she may please her husband by wearing Paquin dresses and making underclothes out of Brussels lace—or whatever kind of lace it is they use for such things. With such infinitely more vital tragedies bumping into one on every street corner, one is scarcely convinced that the love which can only be retained by superlative lingerie is what the heroine of "The Rangers" would call—to quote her opinion of its hero—"one of the real things out there."

Nevertheless, Marie Voisin knew that her husband was fastidious and that he had been quite a man with the ladies, and when he praised her first pretty gown, which she had scrimped and saved to pay for, this compliment from the man she loved was undoubtedly, as she afterward declared, like wine. The contrast be-

tween the pettiness of the end and the tragic size of the means taken to reach it, spiced with acute analysis of certain aspects of feminism, gives just that bite which the French are so fond of, and which often seems particularly "true" and "realistic"—as if only one gifted with special knowledge and insight could know such superficially uncommon and improbable things. It is a perfectly good theme for a perfectly good sort of play, which Mr. Bernstein knows perfectly well how to write.

## Miss Illington and Mr. Kyrle Bellew

IT was a real pleasure, after experiencing the hap-hazard construction of the average play, to sit back and watch this piece move crisply on. It was a pleas-ure, too, to watch Miss Illington, in spite of one's mystification that an actress so inexperienced, and capable of expressing emotion in only two or three ways, should be cast in a part which could utilize, if it does not demand, almost every sort of natural gift and acquired technique. Miss Illington's positive accomplishment was not flamingly brilliant, but she certainly has something which might be called temperament, and she has a cool and clear-eyed beauty which does not get all mussed up and grotesque as soon as she tries to be emotional. And that goes a great way. And it was a special pleasure to see Mr. Kyrle Bellew drop all his mincing affectations to become a finished, sensible, and charming man of the world. You had no sooner imagined how M. Voisin ought to read a line than, behold, Mr. Bellew said it, in j st that way. He had several voices which he knew how to use, and he appreciated the value of pausing between words now and then and saying nothing at all. In a word, he was a finished actor, and that is a rare enough thing at any time to make even a September theatre-goer happy.

# Papa's Stratagem

An Old Head is Sometimes Better Than Two Young Hearts

# By ROBERT HERRICK

R. GORTON TRAVERSE surveyed lugubriously the array of trunks being dumped in the anteroom of the Paris apartment. There were nineteen pieces, not counting hat-boxes and other minor impedimenta. Each one, as it was deposited by the panting commissionnaires, seemed to Mr. Traverse another stone dumped on the grave of his happy past, another cable binding him to the peripatetic existence of the present. There had been only six at the start when the family—that is Mrs. Traverse and Miss Cecilia Enders Traverse—had sailed from the New York pier. To these had been gathered the rest, like the rolling ball of snow.

The two ladies had not returned to their native land since that winter day; but "papa," pleading business necessities from time to time, had made furtive excursions across the Atlantic to the shores of the sky-scrapers and "deals," On these occasions he had lingered in his old haunts as long as a strong sense of domestic privilege and obligation had permitted; then with lagging feet had returned to the ever-moving hearthstone. Unfortunately, as he had come privately to feel, the Traverse share of the national prosperity was so large, so abounding and solid that there could be no excuse for his remaining permanently in his native land: his goods were all where they could not be stolen; where they must go on earning dividends and multiplying.

This time the family had emerged from Spain from R. GORTON TRAVERSE surveyed lugu-

multiplying.
This time the family had This time the family had emerged from Spain, from Biskra—they had read "The Garden of Allah"—from Alexandria, where four months before he had joined them for the Nile trip. As he drew forth from his cigar-case a crisp Bock and reflected for the fifth time that day how inferior the European variety of cigar is to its American brother, he wondered vaguely whether to its American brother, he wondered vaguely whether he could invent a sufficiently plausible excuse to escape to New York before the holidays. The stock market looked "spotty," and a bank in which he was interested when the stock was a sufficient to sufficient the sufficient work and the stock of the sufficient to sufficient the sufficient which he was interested.

in which he was interested was about to swallow another bank in which he was also interested. But the only stocks that he owned were too sound to develop any spots, and when the banks had swallowed each other the only effect would be to double the dividends that he was now drawing. He sighed. Mr. Gorton Traverse was a heavy, sallow man, with a great shock of gray hair, and had the ponderous manner that is a business asset. The operations of his mind were slow and sure-footed: he never made mistakes—in investments.

Mrs. Traverse, who had been in the new motor for a preliminary reconnaissance with the dressmaker,

Mrs. Traverse, who had been in the new motor for a preliminary reconnaissance with the dressmaker, entered at this moment, with a rustle of underwear, a dangling of chains, and a waving of plumes. Behind her came Cecilia, taller and slenderer than her mother, with a lesser rustle of appurtenances.

"So the trunks have come at last!" Mrs. Traverse exclaimed in a gratified tone.

"I should say they had," Gorton Traverse grunted.
"Tell that fellow to wait with the car, will you, Liddy? I want him to take me to the bank."

It was his custom to defer any orders to the servants until his wife or daughter could translate them into suitable French, Italian, or German, as the case might

be. He had had several regrettable experiences in giving unintelligible commands to foreign ears.

"Are you going to the bank again to-day?" Mrs. Traverse inquired severely.

"Yes—there's trouble in the market over there. I want to see the latest cables."

"Oh!"
"I may find that I

"I may find that I must run across, Liddy," he ven-

tured.

Mrs. Traverse eyed him in cold silence, but having gone thus far he added boldly:

"It's hard for a man to attend to his business thousands of miles away!"

"Business!" his wife sniffed. She was aware of the impregnability of the Traverse fortune. "Why go back to that topic, Gorton?" she demanded severely. "You know why it has to be."

"Just because a young fellow wants to marry a girl, to be kept out of your home for two years and more,"

shores of Europe. In brief, as the story ran, the inexperienced Cecilia had surrendered her heart with characteristic promptness and fervor to an undesirable young man, a Mr. Percy Mapes, a "clerk or something" in a railroad office—clearly, uncontrovertibly an impossible person with obscure antecedents, a tenuous present, and a tenebrous future. Moreover, it was rumored in the fellowship of mothers that his habits were "bad." There was not one redeeming feature to him except his seductive personality with which he had made an indelible impression on Cecilia's tender heart. But it was not to be considered—Miss Traverse, the daughter of Gorton Traverse, the granddaughter of Ex Governor Enders, the only child of Second National and Metropolitan Union National Bank stock, of Bluff City Co solidated, etc., etc.! The impertinence of "that puppy Mapes" still brought color to Mrs. Traverse's cheeks. Nevertheless, the impertinent puppy had kept the Traverse family out of their native land for nearly three years, while presumably he was enjoying himself at home—and waiting their return.

"If you had only been willing to accept the count's offer," Mrs. Traverse remarked meaningly.

"Pay three hundred thousand for him!" her husband growled. "He isn't worth thirty cents. Why, many a time I've given a quarter to fellows like him on the street at home. And Cis wouldn't take him either. . . Well,

time I've given a quarter to fellows like him on the street at home. And Cis wouldn't take him either. . . . Well, I'm going to the bank."

The stolid man rose with a sigh and laid down his cigar. His wife looked sympathetically at his bulking majesty. He was a Colossus—in Cleveland, U.S. A.; but in Europe he resembled a a piece of discarded statuary over which one was likely to stumble.

"I wish, Gorton, you could find some interest to occupy your time. Other men do, like Charlie Gow and Seamans: they are not bored all the time."

"I'm too old, Liddy, to take an interest in art or motor-cars," Gorton Traverse replied with dignity, "and I don't like the food, either."

"Perhaps Cecilia will ac-

either."
"Perhaps Cecilia will accept Mr. Lightbody. She

cept Mr. Lightbody. She likes him and he's very attentive."
"Is he the fellow at the legation?"
"The military attaché, and he may be transferred to Washington. I think Cecilia would like Washington."
"How much would he want if Cecilia took him?"
Traverse inquired alertly.
"Gorton! Mr. Lightbody comes of a very fine Virginia was a very fine Virg

"Gorton! Mr. Lightbody comes of a very fine Virginia family."

"That kind is generally poor enough to take what it can get," papa remarked with business sententious-ness, as the man handed him into his coat and hat.

Each one seemed another stone dumped on the grave of his happy past

he grumbled openly, seeing that Cecilia had departed to give his order to the chauffeur.

"Rather because Cecilia was quite willing to marry the young man," his wife corrected. "You forget, Gorton, that we left only just in time to prevent an awful scandal." She shuddered.

awful scandal." She shuddered.
"It amounts to the same thing, so far as I can see,"
Traverse replied morosely.
"Not exactly: the difference is—Europe,"
"Oh, well, how long is it going on, I want to know!
I should think two years was long enough to fix a
matter of that sort."

I should think two years was long enough to fix a matter of that sort."

Every time that the family resettled itself Mrs. Traverse had to undergo a scene of this nature. It came with engaging new servants, with a change of habits or food. She had met this incipient rebellion the previous spring in London, the autumn before in Rome. Her husband's memory of the family crisis that had sent them fleeing to Europe had to be revived on each occasion, and she was forced to recount the steps that had originally moved them out of their big, sprawling American home and dumped them on the

AT the bank there was a flutter in the little crowd of A T the bank there was a flutter in the little crowd of American men—tourists and expatriates—who were gathered about the diminutive board where a nimble French clerk was posting the New York quotations of the opening market. The "spotty" market had evidently broken out into a lively small panic. Gorton Traverse, stolid and sad, stood on the edge of the group and watched the quotations until his heavy eyes fired. Something was on in Bluff City Consolidated. An acquaintance fresh from the New York steamer

gave him some scraps of the street gossip, and when Cecilia called for him in the motor his eyes were almost beaming with resolution.

"Going home, papa?" Cecilia, who knew the signs, asked sympathetically.

"Yes—tell him to stop at the Lloyd office. The Kaiser sails Thursday," he replied briskly, and added in heavy hypocrisy: "There's trouble over there—panic—must see to things personally."

"Don't you want to take a berth for me, papa?" she asked, snuggling closer to him under the rug.

"Why, Cis—you know your mother wouldn't hear of it!"

of it!"
"Couldn't we elope?" she suggested with a mischievous smile of recollection.
Papa laughed a hearty appreciation of the joke, a
laugh that he rarely emitted in Europe.

new Atlantic leviathan would be bearing him to the bosom of his family. At the close of a busy day he was sitting in the lobby of his New York hotel, watching the throng eddying about the marble pillars on the rugged pavement. There were familiar faces in the throng that nodded deferentially or amicably at him. The rugs, the marbles, the nods gave him a pleasant, home-like feeling, enlarged his sense of himself. He sighed heavily in contemplation of the immense home-lessness of Europe. There was nothing like this over there, not such busy, restless crowds of well-dressed people, not such gorgeous marbles and rugs in the hotels, not such a noise of elevators and call-boys, such movement, such life! He preferred this to all the boulevards of Paris—and the ticker clicking cheerily just around the corner in the barroom.

He thought with complacency how much money he

"I expect that's so," the young man agreed with a pleasant smile. "Still, I'd like the chance to get over there! Perhaps I will go some day."

"How are things going with you?" the older man inquired with a touch of embarrassment. He was conscious that he was in some way not keeping faith with his wife, yet he was loath to snub the young man. He had never been able to take the severe point of view that Mrs. Traverse held about him. As a young man, seen from the distance of middle age, he seemed attractive; but Gorton Traverse had accepted his wife's authority on the question of his undesirability as a husband for Cecilia. She ought to know about this matter: she gave it her undivided attention. "You're still in the Central?"

"Oh, I got out of that two years ago. I'm with Dale

"Oh, I got out of that two years ago. I'm with Dale & Drew now, the bankers. In their New York office."



He was rescued by an attendant, who took him by the arm and led him to an exit . . .

"That would be hard on your mother, wouldn't it?
What would she say!"
"That it was all your fault."
"I guess she would, Cis—and something more."
As the car became involved in the snarl of traffic in front of the Opéra, the girl's hand stole to her father's arm and squeezed it coaxingly.
"Did you see him, last time?"
"Him?"
"Don't bluff, papa!"

"No—I didn't."

"But you heard about him? Was he—married?"

"Not that I know of. I guess he's all right."

"It's a long time!" she sighed.

"Three years next spring," he sighed with her. As the motor started into life with a jerk, he remarked irrelevantly: "Your mother thinks that Mr. Lightbody is a good sort of man."

Cecilia pinched the fat hand beneath the "You're so easy."

Sa good sort of man."
Cecilia pinched the fat hand beneath the robe.
"You're so easy, papa! . . . Mr. Lightbody is a good sort of man—to play tennis with."
They both laughed.
"So you won't take me?" Cecilia said as the motor stopped in front of the steamship office.
"I'd like to!"
"You'll take a letter for most!

"You'll take a letter for me?"
"Cis—would that be the square thing to mother?" The girl pouted.

## 11

THINGS were "doing" down among the skyscrapers wall Street way. Gorton Traverse had kept himself very busy for six weeks between the "street" and Cleveland, and had almost forgotten his troubles. He had been welcomed back to the old lunch table at the club, to his vice-president's desk at the bank, to the solemn financial councils: he had begun to feel almost necessary to the wheels of Progress and Prosperity. His paunch had broadened perceptibly; his heavy face had assumed the set look that comes from concealing important information.

Now the time was fast coming when he must sail once more for Europe: the domestic cord had been pulled, not violently, but firmly. In another week a

had made these six weeks, then remembered that he would have lost nothing if he had stayed away. . . . Sighing heavily again, he became aware that a man, a well-dressed young man, was staring at him with the air of knowing him, yet hesitating to intrude on his solitude. Suddenly the young man came forward with rapid decision, holding out his hand:

"Mr. Traverse! How are you?"

"Mr. Mapes, isn't it?" the older man acknowledged the salutation stiffly without rising from his seat, and added after a moment: "I am very well, sir."

In spite of the cold reception the young man stood in front of him and continued his inquiries:

"How is Mrs. Traverse?"

"Very well, thank you."

"And Cec—your daughter?"

"All right. They are in Paris," Traverse volunteered, a trifle less stiffly.

"I know!" the young man exclaimed with a suppressed smile.

"I'm sailing Saturday to join them."

"Vou stand a weed dock of the same and the same and the same a weed dock of the same and the same and the same area."

"I know!" the young man exclaimed with a suppressed smile.

"I'm sailing Saturday to join them."

"You spend a good deal of time abroad," the young man observed pleasantly.

"Yes—most of the time. My wife and daughter like it over there."

Unconsciously his voice had become friendlier in response to the sympathetic tone of the young man, and as a group of people brushed by them he looked invitingly at the vacant seat beside him. The young man promptly sat down, saying:

"And how do you like it over there?"

"Well, not so much as my wife. There isn't much for a man to do, if he can't speak any language but English. I don't speak foreign languages, so I have to keep to the hotels or use guides, and they aren't satisfactory. Europe's a good enough place to live in, if you are interested in art and such things. But for an active man like myself it gets pretty slow sometimes, pretty slow!"

He was pouring out his woes with an unaccustomed abandon: his heart was sore over the Saturday boat. The young man listened with lowered eyes, nodding sympathetically at the right places.

"America is the place for a live man to live in!" Gorton Traverse concluded in a final burst.

He did not attempt to suppress the satisfaction it gave him to communicate this information.

"They're good people," Traverse observed. "They're interested in Bluff City Consolidated, aren't they?"

And the two men slid off into a shorthand conversation of underwritings, syndicates, pools, mortgage bonds, and debenture stock, from which they emerged an hour later when the young man glanced at his watch.

"It's about time to eat—won't you dine with me?"
Traverse asked impulsively. The next moment he remembered his wife and trembled—looked about him furtively to assure himself that no acquaintances were present who might betray his weakness. The young man, observing the sudden change of expression, smiled and said slowly: "Not to-night, thank you—engagement—sorry."

Gorton Traverse looked his relief, and as he gave him his hand said:

"Well—another—"

"Won't you drop in at the office to-merrow? I an

"Well—another—"
"Won't you drop in at the office to-mcrrow? I an give you those figures then, and Mr. Drew will be pleased to tell you all you want to know about that syndicate."

"Perhaps I will, perhaps I will!" He was grateful to the young man for saving him so gracefully from his own awkwardness. He watched him sink into the throng—an alert, handsome figure—and his heart was immediately engulfed in that loneliness from which the young man had rescued him, temporarily.

"Perhaps Cis knows better than we do!" he muttered as he lounged into the dining-room for his solitary meal.

And there over his dinner was born the first stratagem, the first duplicity, that had ever entered into Gorton Traverse's dealings with his wife. It penetrated subtly his slow-moving mind as course by course the dinner was placed before him. And when he entered the "Pompeian room" for his coffee he smiled a broad, sly smile.

IT was usually a seasick and melancholic visage that Gorton Traverse presented to his family on his return from his expeditions to his native land. But this time when he alighted from the boat train at Saint-

Lazaire he joked and smiled to an extent hardly to be accounted for by a "splendid passage, good company," nor by the favorable report of business. Mrs. Traverse had too much good sense, however, to delve into the mystery of causes when results were satisfactory. "How's Lightfinger?" he asked his wife when they were alone for a moment. Mrs. Traverse looked searchingly at him, but as her husband was never known to attempt puns she replied briefly: "You mean Mr. Lightbody? He has been recalled..., Cecilia and I are thinking of taking the cure at Aix."

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"You mean Mr. Lightbody? He has been recalled.
... Cecilia and I are thinking of taking the cure at Aix."

"Cure for what? Can't we stay here awhile? Paris is pretty gay, isn't it? The Salon just opened—I want to see some pictures."

Mrs. Traverse stared at this unexpected interest in fine art. Traverse turned to his daughter.

"What are you doing to-morrow morning, Cis?"

"We are still shopping and—"

"That Salon is open mornings?"

"Of course, it's always open."

"Your father shows a surprising interest in modern art," Mrs. Traverse remarked in her best sarcasm.

"The Salon is very poor this year."

"If I'm going to live over here the rest of my life, I think it's time I got interested in some of their paint and clay works," Traverse explained with ponderous jocosity. "And I want you, Cis, to take me there tomorrow and introduce me. Mother can stay at home. She knows too much for a beginner."

"Papa is positively gay, and he has a sly look about him, too," Cecilia commented after a scrutinizing glance at her father.

However ignorant Gorton Traverse might be of art in spite of his prolonged residence abroad, he seemed on the morrow to know exactly what he wished to see. When the motor had deposited the two at the great stucco entrance and the tickets had been procured, he pushed his way into the rotunda, which was crowded with the usual gaping throng trying earnestly to untangle the maze of marble with the aid of catalogues. In spite of Cecilia's remonstrances, he pushed steadily on until he came to a remote corner of the right wing where certain colossal pieces reposed in popular neglect. Here his pace slackened and he gave himself time to breathe and look about at the cold marble countenances of celebrities.

"Papa," Cecilia observed, "what makes you so keen about portrait busts? Are you going to have yourself done? . . . Tell me!"—she came in close to his arm and spoke beguilingly—"did you see him?"

Traverse examined the name at the base of a heroic piece without replying.

"I know you did!" Cecilia persisted, "Is he—well? What did he say? Oh, dear, tell me how he looks!"

But her father skirted the pedestal in his investigation and was lost to view on the other side of President Carnot. He failed to emerge, and at that moment a young man sauntered out from a group of sightseers and raised his hat.

"You!" Cecilia gasped. "And papa—"

"We crossed on the same boat; we had a splendid passage!"

"We crossed on the same boat; we had a splendid passage!"

"So papa said. . . ."

Gorton Traverse did not emerge from the shadow of President Carnot. Instead he wandered off into distant mazes of the vast hall, got mixed up in a group of heathen goddesses that sent him upstairs to the galleries, where after tramping a number of dusty miles between walls of paint he was rescued by an attendant, who comprehending the language difficulty took him by the arm and led him to an exit. This was on the opposite side of the building from the entrance where the motor had been left, but Traverse boldly threw himself into a cab, waving his hand and saying in English: "Go anywhere!" The driver went out into the broad, sunny avenue and rambled upward toward the Arch, while Traverse smiled to himself and enjoyed the Paris atmosphere as he had never done before.

"I guess they'll find the motor all right when they want it," he murmured, and then it occurred to him that a momentous and difficult duty remained before him. Paying his cab, he descended and started homeward, preferring to trust his sense of locality to his ability to direct the coachman. In spite of the lowering face of duty, he still smiled and seemed contented with himself. He sniffed the air and walked as a man who sees visions, and not the least happy vision was the picture of a big sprawling house on the bluff above the lake at Cleveland, Ohio.

"Where is Cecilia?" Mrs. Traverse demanded in mild surprise when her husband appeared alone.

"Isn't she home yet? I left her among the statues some time ago—"

"Left Cecilia there alone!" Something in her husband's manner gave her exclamation a touch of sternness. Gorton had not been quite himself since he had landed

ness. Gorton had not been quite ministration had landed.
"Not all alone—with a friend, a young man,"
Traverse replied fumblingly. "They are there yet, I
expect, unless they have gone somewhere else."
The remark sounded foolish, but Mrs. Traverse suspected that it contained more point than shone on the

pected that it contained more point than shone on the surface.

"Who is this young man that you saw fit to leave Cecilia alone with?"

She went boldly forward to meet the truth, and her husband fluttered. It was the first piece of double-dealing he had ever attempted with Mrs. Traverse, and he had the transparency of the novice.

"It's no use, Liddy!" he exclaimed, in a rush. "Of course it's him. You have done your best for three years. You have had your own way. Isn't it about time now for me and Cis? And he's a good fellow, and smart, too. He'll beat Lightbody all over the pasture, take my word for that! I know a man—"

"Gorton Traverse!" That was all that she found to say as she rose swiftly and started for the door.

"It's no use, Liddy. You couldn't find a thing in that place. I couldn't have got out if it hadn't been for a guard, and there are about a million people. Just wait here and think it over with me. They'll be back soon enough."

wait here and think it over with me. They'll be back soon enough."

Mrs. Traverse walked to and fro, realizing unpleasantly the limits of the tether.

"I don't believe they will get married without letting us know," Traverse threw in by way of comfort. "He isn't that kind—though he's had to wait long enough."

"And so this was the business that called you back?"

"No—no, I can't say that. It came in incidentally. It was an inspiration, Liddy!"

Mrs. Traverse made one more trip across the room, then sank vanquished into a chair. Her husband hitched forward his chair opposite to her, and resting a fat fist on either knee said sympathetically:

"Do the best you can, Liddy. . . . It's hard on you, but it's been hard on us!"

He caught the sound of voices beyond the anteroom, "I guess they're coming now. . . The old place looks pretty fine, Liddy! We can be home for the first roses. . . ."

# The Ballad of Faker's Cañon

WAS up and down the wooded hills That Trapper Ted his feetsteps sped

By

# WALLACE IRWIN

UPSPAKE the guide, Magnolia Pete, In tones of seething stress: "Great game, I wot, will soon be shot By gun of your High-ness, For lo! a track of Bear I see Marked plain before my sight, With nine toes on the left hind foot And ten toes on the right."

Of Loosyanna State

And up and down the wooded glens

Of bears and Bears and BEARS.

Both great and small, were tracks and tracks

For to in-vest-i-gate;

Around their cozy lairs,

THEN up did Trapper Ted upspeak And spat a bale of nerves: "Magnolia Pete, an ugly word, But short, thy tale deserves. O faker of the fakest dye. That steeps all nature-crooks, Write forty volumes on thy Bear, But I'll not read thy books!"

THEN up Magnolia Pete doth shout: "Land sakes!" and eke "By Jo! Thou sayest the name that bringeth shame Upon my house, and wo. If Bear of nineteen hinder toes Hides not in yonder flat, Then will I vote for Willyum Taft And eat my derby hat."

So onward, upward to the hunt, The woodsmen rush amain, And at their head lopes Trapper Ted, Whank-whooping his disdain; And at their rear from far and near The joyous People jump, Requesting Ted to make a speech On every passing stump.

THEN at the den of Mr. Bear The doughty Trappers stop, And nine reporters, chill of feet, Upon their stummicks drop, As from the deepness of the cave There comes a wolfish howl That soundeth something like a Bear And something like an Owl.

"O HARK ye!" cries Magnolia Pete,
"I shall not eat mine hat— The Bear's in there." Quoth Ted: "Take care! No Bear doth growl like that." But even as they so dispute The Trappers' looks grow grave, For a Bear of nineteen hinder toes Comes screeching from the cave.

UPON his head are seven ears, His eyes are large and blue, His hinder limb is short and slim Belike a kangaroo. Then Teddy of the steady hand A ruthless aim doth take. And shoots the Critter in the neck, Remarking: "Die, thou Fake!"

So on the rocks that Fake doth fall, And pipes a deathly cry That soundeth like a squirril in pain-And so the Bear doth die; And as his feet to sky he turns, His claws, all shining bright, Show nine toes on the left hind foot And ten upon the right!

THEN bluffly laughs good Trapper Ted Unto Magnolia Pete: "No short but ugly word art thou, Thy hat thou needst not eat. Go write a dozen Books on me So that the deal be square— Let's carve a dish fit for the gods And eat youd Teddy-bear.'

So onward, upward forgeth Ted With energetic limb, And trappers groan and woodsmen swoon Who try to follow him; And as he leaps from cliff to crag, With buckshot in his vest, He cries: "Let no man interrupt-I'm here to take a rest."



The arrival of the President at St. Louis. The President and his party are just emerging from the Lee Line wharf.

# Down the Mississippi with the President



Pilot L. II. Saunders of St. Louis, who piloted the President and his party down the Mississippi River to Memphis, Tennessee



President Roosevelt waving his good-by to the people of Keokuk, Iowa, as he starts on his way down the Mississippi River

for the



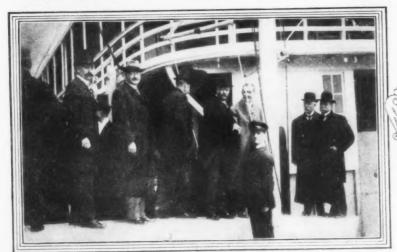
Main saloon of steamer "Mississippi" on which the President went down the river. His cabin is the last on the left



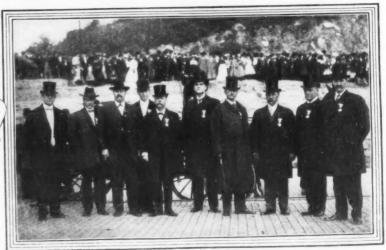
The "Hartweg," whose behav-ior displeased the President



The "Granite City" awaiting the President's boat at St. Louis. The arrival occurred in a drenching rain.



The Presidential party boarding the steamer at St. Louis for the journey southward on The Presidential party boarding the steamer at St. Louis for the journey southward on the Mississippi. The purpose of the trip was to study the great commercial advan-tages which would accrue to all the States of the Mississippi Valley when this great waterway with its principal tributaries was made navigable for heavy steamships. At the conclusion of his trip the President pledged his support to the river-improvement cause



The Governors of ten States who received the President at Keokuk. From left to right: The Governors of ten States who received the President at Keokuk. From left to right:
Gov. Hoch, Kansas; Gov. Crawford, South Dakota; Gov. Broward, Florida; Gov.
Chamberlain, Oregon; Gov. Burke, North Dakota; Gov. Sheldon, Nebraska; Gov.
Blanchard, Louisiana; Gov. Davidson, Wisconsin; Gov. Deneen, Illinois; Gov. Cummins, Iowa. This deligation vividly shows the importance of the river-improvement plan

# What the World is Doing



A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



# The Great Roosevelt Policy

N HIS trip down the Mississippi President Roosevelt talked "Of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-waxOf cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings."

He talked of Government control of railroads, of enforcing the laws against wrong-doers of great wealth, of the need for courage and strength, of race suicide, the cruise of the battleships to the Pacific, the value of a great fighting navy, the Panama Canal, the Monroe Doctrine, the undesirability of being a milksop, the danger of "peace with insult," the national supervision of corporations, the relations of State and Federal power, and the education of the farmer.

All these things were interesting, but they all sank into insignificance by the side of the great constructive policies outlined by the President. Few women will have more babies because Mr. Roosevelt advises them what is done to the corporations to-day may be undone to-morrow, and the question whether we are to be a nation of milksops or not will be settled by deeper influences than Presidential sermons. But in the matter of the conservation of our national resources we are just at a point at which the policy adopted now may profoundly affect our history through all future time.

The President long ago made his position clear on the subjects of forest preservation, the protection of the public lands, the retention of the national title to the remaining coal and oil deposits, and the development of the water supplies of the arid regions. These things are the great and enduring glory of his Administration. are the things that will be preserved in the memory of the coming generations. It was for lack of governments with such foresight that the civilizations of Central Asia, Assyria, Palestine, and Northern Africa have perished, and if our own civilization proves more lasting it will be because we have learned to profit by the fate of others.

Now the President has committed himself to the intelligent use of another great national asset—our splendid system, which is, with the single exception Brazil's, the most superb network of inland navigation in the world. The private owners of railroads spend hundreds of millions a year in their development. The nation, which has a corresponding system of water trans-portation of its own, has seemed to begrudge every dollar spent on making it available for use.

Under President Roosevelt's energetic leadership there

is to be a new policy.

At Cairo the President committed himself to the deep waterway plan in the picturesque phrase that there should be a "loop of the seacoast from the Gulf to the Great Lakes," with an inlet from Cairo to Pittsburg. At Memphis, before the Deep Waterways Convention, he elaborated this idea, and made an impressive plea for the preservation of national resources in general. He gave the solemn warning:

"It is clear beyond peradventure that our natural resources have been and are still being abused, that continued abuse will destroy them, and that we have at last reached the forks of the road. We are face to face with the great fact that the whole future of the nation is directly at stake in the momentous decision which is forced upon us. Shall we continue the waste and destruction of our natural resources, or shall we conserve them? There is no other question of equal gravity now before the nation.

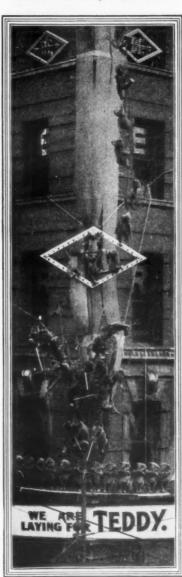
"It is the plain duty of those of us who for the moment are responsible to make inventory of the natural resources which have been handed down to us, to forecast as well as we may the needs of the future, and so to handle the great sources of our prosperity as not to destroy in advance all hope for the prosperity of our descendants."

He added the important announcement that with his

He added the important announcement that with his full approval the Inland Waterways Commission had decided to call a conference on the conservation of natural resources, to meet in Washington the coming winter. This conference, he justly observed, ought to be among the most important gatherings in our history.



Forester Pinchot lays down the law



A "Teddy Bear" corner in St. Louis

# **Two-Cent Prosperity**

HE Railroad Commission of Ohio has made public some facts which throw light upon the practical workings of the two-cent-fare law in that State. That law was in force during the whole of the fiscal year 1907, and for between three and four months of the fiscal year 1906. It appears from the reports of the various companies that the passenger receipts of the great majority of them increased, the total gain amounting to \$1,387,-927.60. Ten small roads had a total decrease of \$55,-645.14. The reports do not show that the increased business has called for any new trains or additional equipment. Twenty-four roads have had greater passenger earnings, not only in the aggregate, but per train-This number includes practically all the lines of the Pennsylvania system, which has been fighting the two-cent law of its own State on the ground that it is confiscatory. On the other hand, six roads in Ohio report a decrease in passenger earnings per train-mile, and four have found no change. In some cases train-mile decreases have gone along with aggregate increases.

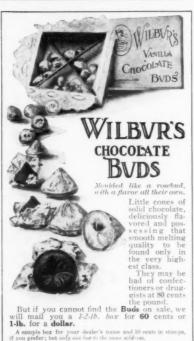
The lesson of these figures seems to be that in a well-settled State like Ohio two cents a mile is, in general, a fair rate, but that there are exceptional cases in which it is not. If all the lines in the State were owned by a single company it might be fair to lump them together under a single rate. Thus the New Haven, which has a practical monopoly in the greater part of New England, has adopted two-cent fares throughout its entire system and finds them profitable, although doubtless it could pick out particular stretches of track on which they do not pay. If those particular stretches belonged to independent companies, a two-If those particular cent limit would not be fair in those cases, and if a law enforced it the courts would give relief.

These facts, like many others that have come to light since this subject became acute, sustain the belief that a general law is not the best form of rate regulation. While most of the roads in Ohio seem to thrive on twocent fares, there are some, and those precisely the weakest and least obnoxious, which suffer a serious hardship from such a limitation. It appears to be clear that the New York plan of a Public Service Commission, which can deal with each case on its own merits, is the best-always provided that the commission is composed of men who can be trusted, and that the railroads have sufficient wisdom to let it alone instead of unsettling public confidence by trying to move it with hidden strings.

It is reasonable to suppose that when these things are put fairly before the public it will be willing to modify its experimental policy. The fact that the veto of New York's two-cent-fare law by Governor Hughes was received so calmly showed rather clearly that there was no popular frenzy in that part of the country which would insist upon crucifying the railroads regardless of all considerations of justice. In many quarters a policy of defiant obstruction on the part of the corporations has exasperated public sentiment, but it would be hard to name at single State whose people would insist on maintaining rules that had been proved by actual experience to be unjust. What the anti-railroad people have complained about has been that in many cases the roads have not offered any proof from experience, but have asked the Federal courts to nullify State laws on purely theoretical and conjectural grounds.

No doubt many mistakes have been made, but the fact that they have been reflected so much more disastrously in the stock-market than in corporation balance-sheets is a pretty good proof that some capitalists have lost their heads. President Ripley, of the Santa Fe, for instance, has been expressing views of inky gloom about the business prospect. He thinks that "the country has been worked into a terrible hysteria over railroads and corporations, until the people are likely to do most anything so long as a railroad or a corporation is hit hard." Ordinary observers have detected no signs of popular hysteria or even of any particular excitement on the subject of





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railroads. The hysteria seems to be confined mostly to those financiers who are so panic-stricken by well-meant, if sometimes unwise, experiments in corporate regulation that they attack the credit of their own companies and then complain that railroads have trouble in raising money.

## The Next State

New Mexico to follow Oklahoma into the fold

AFTER nearly sixty years of more or less patient waiting, New Mexico at last finds Statehood in sight. On his trip down the Mississippi, President Roosevelt committed himself to the admission of the Territory. Inviting the Governors of Oklahoma and of New Mexico to board his boat he said: "I want the Governor of the Territory that has become a State and the Governor of the Territory that is to become a State to ride with me."

In the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo between the United States and Mexico, concluded in 1848, the American Government inserted Article 3 of the Louisiana treaty; which gave the promise: "The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union

of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities, of citizens of the United States."

The first State admitted under the pledge of the original Louisiana treaty was Louisiana, nine years after the promise was given. The last bit of the Louisiana purchase, Oklahoma, is just now passing out of the territorial condition, one hundred and four years after the treaty of cession was signed. The proceedings under the Mexican treaty have been a little more rapid. California was admitted in 1850, two years after its acquisition, Nevada in 1864, and Utah in 1896. Parts of Colorado, admitted in 1876, and of Wyoming, admitted in 1890, were also included in the Mexican cession.

Only Arizona and New Mexico are still left outside of the union of States. Neither of those has yet had such a boom as to force its claims upon Congress. In 1876 New Mexico had 91,874 inhabitants, which was more than Colorado, Dakota (then united), Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Washington, or Wyoming had at that time. In 1900 the population of New Mexico was 195,310, and Colorado, the Dakotas, Montana, Oregon, Utah, and Washington had passed her in the interval. But even now New Mexico is more populous than Delaware, Idaho, Nevada, or Wyoming. She would have been admitted long ago if her people had been Americanized more promptly. When she comes in, Arizona will be the only Territory in the main body of the United States, and it will not be possible much longer to resist the demand for a final clean-up of the territorial system.

# The Parting of the Ways

San Francisco facing a momentous choice

THE lines are pretty clearly drawn in San Francisco. The friends of decent government there had hoped for a fusion of all the respectable elements of the city, including honest working men, on a ticket headed by the present Mayor, Dr. E. R. Taylor. This hope was disappointed when the Union Labor Convention was dominated by Schmitz, from his felon's cell, and the Republicans nominated a machine politician named Ryan for Mayor. good government is not to be left a helpless derelict. The Democrats have renominated Mayor Taylor, and they have been joined by the Good Government League and by an anti-machine Republican minority. The Good Government League includes fifty-two members of the Republican convention that nominated Ryan.

All factions except the Schmitz Union Labor party have united in renominating District Attorney William H. Langdon, so that nothing but a wilful preference of a majority of the people for corruption can check the progress of the boodle prosecution. The platform upon which Dr. Taylor has been named for Mayor declares that "San Francisco demands patriotism and not partizanship." It favors a city water supply from the Sierras, a saltwater system for protection against fire, the immediate restoration of all public buildings, city ownership of public utilities, and the continued prosecution of the corruptionists.

# Good Work at Panama

A real canal seems to be in sight

THE work of canal-digging at Panama seems at last to have fairly overcome its early discouragements and to be going ahead at a really satisfactory rate. It is true that Mr. Poultney Bigelow still insists that the drinking water at Colon is bad, but in other respects the Canal is doing very The report of Colonel Goethals for September shows that in that month, despite nearly a foot of rain, the excavation broke all records. It reached the enormous total of 1,517,412 cubic yards, exceeding the figures for the previous month by nearly one-sixth. With an army of forty three thousand men employed, the whole force is instinct with energy and zeal. The best work of the Stevens regime has been exceeded.

In his speech at St. Louis President Roosevelt said that if the August

rate of excavation could be kept up, the actual digging of the canal could be finished within five or six years. The September rate was far in advance of the August rate, and there is every reason to believe that the work hereafter will go faster yet. The only question now relates to the Gatun dam and locks, concerning the time of whose completion the President admits there may be some doubt.

A useful antidote to the biased reports of conditions on the Isthmus written by visitors committed in advance to one side or the other has been furnished by Miss Gertrude Beeks, Secretary of the Welfare Department of the Civic Federation, who spent five weeks trying to find out just how the workers lived. Miss Beeks agrees with Mr. Bigelow that the drinking water, as a rule, is bad, and thinks it should be distilled. There are too many eggs for breakfast, and they are too mature. There are too many comestic insects of all the more obnoxious varieties, and too much damp clothing and bedding. Tips to waiters are also objectionably prevalent. On

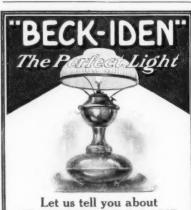




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the other hand the hospitals are splendidly equipped, and you can get all the quinine you want at every meal. There are many manufacturing villages in quinine you want at every meal. There are many manufacturing villages in the United States not half so beautiful as the homes for American families and the bachelors' dormitories furnished by the Government at Panama, though perhaps that is not saying so very much after all. The conditions "have changed almost miraculously within the last two years." One of the chief needs, Miss Beeks thinks, is a Coney Island for the men, who are suffering from lack of amusement.

The Spanish Governor of Santander has issued a proclamation warning Spaniards not to go to work on the Canal, and indulging in the most violent denunciations of the treatment given to Spanish laborers, and of the alleged misrepresentations on which they are induced to go to the Isthmus. As the work is under the direct charge of the Government of the United States, these abusive allegations might be considered rather undiplomatic even if they were true, and are especially so since they are false.

## A Constitution for China

The world's oldest despotism disappearing

NEW era has begun for a fourth of the human race. The rising tide of A reform in China culminated on October 1 in a proclamation by the Empress-Dowager declaring the empire a constitutional monarchy. The actual introduction of a Parliamentary system, however, is to be effected by gradual stages. First the people are to be prepared for it by compulsory universal education. This is to include instruction in the principles of constitutional government. The Department of Education has been ordered to prepare the necessary text-books.

It is proposed to establish local self-government in each of the eighteen provinces, with elective provincial parliaments and responsible executives, subject to governors appointed by the throne. A Council of Administra-tion, which is expected to prove the germ of a national Parliament, has already been established and is actively at work.

China is now in the full tide of modern progress. With emissaries traversing the world to bring back all that is best in Western civilization, with Government and people united in a relentless war on the opium vice, with the practise of torturing girls by binding their feet fallen under the shadow of imperial disfavor, with education brought to the door of every peasant's hut, with an army reorganized on modern lines, with automobiles and electric lights in the Forbidden City, with railroads and telegraphs encouraged everywhere, with old barbarities of punishment abolished, and with methods of taxation that have throttled enterprise reformed, an empire that was old before Achilles dragged the body of Hector around the walls of Troy is renewing its youth. The Shah, the heir of Cyrus; the Mikado, descendant of the Sun Goddess; and the Emperor of China, Brother of the Sun and Moon, are now constitutional monarchs. If the Russian constitution can be considered as still surviving, the only remaining independent despotism of any importance in the world is Turkey.

# Standard Oil's Accounts

The trust at last tells what it is worth

POR the first time the resources of the Standard Oil Company have passed P out of the field of guesswork into that of exact statistics. According to a balance sheet offered in evidence by officials of the company in the Government's dissolution suit the total assets of the corporation amount to \$371,664,532. The surplus is \$261,061.811, or over two and a half times the capital. The assets of the parent corporation, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, consist mostly of stocks of subsidiary companies, of which there are sixty-three. From these stocks the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey last year received dividends amounting to \$53,227,387. It made a net profit of \$9,571,996 on its own business, so that its total profits on operation for the year were \$62,799,383. It distributed \$39,335,932 in dividends on its own stock at the rate of forty per cent, leaving \$23,463,451 to be added to its surplus.

It is evident that the Standard Oil Company is a very prosperous concern, but it also appears, if these figures are correct, that it is not the over-shadowing aggregation of wealth it has been commonly assumed to be. There are several larger companies. The assets of the United States Steel Corporation are valued at about \$1,700,000,000, and its net profits last year were about \$160,000,000. The Union Pacific Railroad Company had assets in 1906 worth \$577,536,379, and the assets of the Atchison at the same time amounted to \$530,602,602. As a corporation Standard Oil comes some distance down the list. What makes its wealth so impressive is the fact that the bulk of it is concentrated in a few hands. If the majority of its stock were owned by twenty thousand shareholders instead of by eight individuals and estates it would not have hypnotized the public imagination and taken rank as a national danger. It appears, too, that the people who were paying in the neighborhood of 840 for the stock a few years ago were giving more than twice what the property was worth. Even the present quotations of 440 or thereabout represent considerably more than the actual value of

## Rattling Dry Bones

The Pacific scheme stirs naval inertia

WHETHER our battleships go to the Pacific or not, the order for the voyage has already given the navy a useful shake-up. It has made manifest a number of defects which, however well known they may have been in professional circles, did not seem ever to have made sufficient impression on the official or public mind to cause any serious effort to remove them. The fleet might well spend a year in merely getting ready to go to the Pacific, even if it should seem best not to send it after all.

It appears, for instance, that we are almost totally lacking in the vital of available colliers. We have a large mercantile tonnage in the coasting trade, but it seems impossible to use it for transporting coal in time





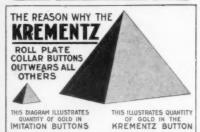




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more than would be paid to foreign owners, but even that liberal offer met with only one acceptance. This means that about ninety-five per cent of the coal-carrying contracts will be taken by foreign bidders. Of course, the situation would not be quite so bad in time of war, for then our merchant ships would be withdrawn from ordinary trade and would be at the service of the Government. Nevertheless, it is bad enough. Coal is the life of a fleet, and there might easily be times when a collier would be worth more than a To have to depend upon foreigners to keep our ships moving in war or peace is a national danger. The navy ought to be able to transport its own coal without asking favors of anybody. If a foreign contractor received inducements to have his cargoes fail to turn up at the rendezvous, or if agents of a possible enemy mixed a few bombs in the coal, the lack of American colliers might prove expensive economy.

of peace. The President offered to pay American shipowners fifty per cent

The projected cruise has resulted in a shift of captains that has made a reduction of four or five years in the average age of the commanders of the battleships. The difference is not very great, but as far as it goes is in the direction of efficiency.

The installation of improved fire-control apparatus has been hastened, and the need of practise in battle tactics has been emphasized. Attention has been drawn to the lack of ammunition and torpedoes and to many defects in the construction of the ships. It may well be that all the purposes of the proposed cruise can be better attained by taking plenty of time to remedy these defects and put the fleet in perfect order where it is than by taking the cruise itself.

# Kind Words from Foraker

He shows why the President is not a public danger

WHILE the Administration has been touring Mexico and Japan and the Mississippi Valley, others have been doing a little traveling, too.
Senator Foraker was the orator of the day at the convention of the Grain
Dealers' National Association on October 2. Mr. Foraker came manfully
to the defense of his friend the President. He reminded the timid critics who foresaw business ruin in the policy of the Administration, that Mr. Roosevelt was not going to be in office very much longer. "No matter what the President may say," he remarked, "our Government remains; and even if he should propose what might prove harmful, it could not be executed without the cooperation of the other departments of the Government.'

Mr. Foraker charitably assured his audience that it was the President's duty to study conditions, have opinions, and make recommendations. If he should make mistakes we need not be frightened, "for we do not need to adopt his views unless we approve of them; and if we approve them we should find fault with ourselves rather than with him if they are wrong. Whatever may happen, we have always the consoling thought "that under our system of government there comes in a short time the end of all official power and authority for Presidents as well as Senators and other public

What Senator Foraker's reassuring words amounted to in effect was to advise the pessimist to hang up a calendar and say to himself whenever the sky looked darkest: "In seventeen months and two days there will be a new President." It is in some such way that he has been able to maintain his own unconquerable cheerfulness.

# Swarthmore's Dilemma

Which is better, athletics or millions?

To choose between the lady and the tiger was a mild intellectual exercise compared with the cruel dilemma that confronts Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. This blameless Quaker institution had been pursuing its quiet way, giving a good education to some three hundred students and incidentally winning glory on the athletic field. Last year its football team won six of the eight intercollegiate matches it played, including a four to nothing victory over the University of Pennsylvania, one of twenty-one to nothing over Amherst, and one of twenty-six to nothing over Johns For a college with less than one-twelfth the number of men at the University of Pennsylvania (for Swarthmore is coeducational) that was cause for modest pride. And then upon that scene of peaceful felicity entered Miss Anna T. Jeanes, a former benefactress of the institution, with a will leaving to the college mines and lands of a value variously estimated at from a million to three million dollars on condition that it should abandon all intercollegiate athletics. Miss Jeanes had read in the papers that there were many accidents in football, and she had seen other objectionable features in athletic contests. Her scrupulosity may be realized from the story told of her that she had refused, on conscientious grounds, to contribute toward the cost of a new library building for which Mr. Carnegie had offered \$50,000 on condition that the college would raise as much more. She thought the scheme partook in a measure of the nature of a game of chance.

And now Miss Jeanes is dead, and the trustees of the college are confronted with the question whether they shall accept her bequest or stick to athletics. If they reject the legacy they will enjoy the most expensive sport in modern academic history. They will have renounced an opportunity to transform their college into a university, by more than doubling its resources. The whole present endowment of Swarthmore is only \$900,000. There are only thirty members of the faculty, and their combined salaries probably do The annual income of the Jeanes not exceed \$50,000 or \$60,000 a year. bequest is estimated at \$80,000. And yet to accept the glittering prize would look like selling the college into bondage. The football coach is troubled by no mercenary doubts. He would reject the gift as unhesitatingly as Chancellor Day of Syracuse would refuse a bequest coupled with the degrading condition that his university should have nothing more to do with Standard To accept it, he says, would ruin the college.

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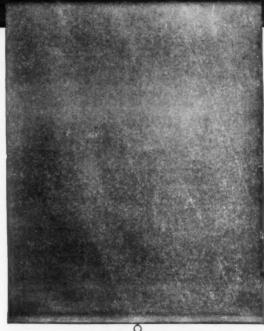
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# The Famous Improved

Has more convenient attachments and does more and better work, with less effort on your part and less wear and tear on the clothes, than any other washer.

"HIS machine is built on the only correct principle. It is the only machine that will clean the clothes thoroughly, no matter how soiled they may be, without wearing or tearing them.

The ACME will do an entire week's washing in less than half the time, and with less than half the labor required for doing it in the old-fashioned way.

The machine works so easily that a child can run it. There are no complicated parts to get out of order. The tub is made of red cypress and the hoops of rust-proof galvanized iron. All castings are made of malleable iron guaranteed not to break.

There are two styles of ACME Washers, our best machine being the IMPROVED ACME. This has a number of special attachments, shown in the large illustration below. We also make the ACME SPECIAL (shown in the lower right-hand corner), which does the work in exactly the same way, the only difference being that it does not have these extra attachments.



# Why Your Washing Should Be Done at Home!

# Say About the ACME

will wash uniformly, not ther machines I used, half ishing clean, the other torn upped around the fork of the '"- BERTHA FELLHAUER, and, IiI.

the ACME very much in-is the lightest running I have ever seen,"—Mrs. McQUILKIN, Shepherds-Va.

The ACME is all you claim for It runs very easy and washes clothes clean, too,"—Mrs. F. 18T, Shamokin, Pa.

# Wash with any Wash?

When you send your wash to the laundry you never know what it is going through or with what kind of soiled garments it is going to be mixed.

There may be with it some very soiled linen, soiled more than any you have ever worn or would care to wear.

Naturally, the idea of having your linen mixed up with this kind of linen isn't exactly agreeable.

up with this kind of linen isn't exactly agreeable. The safe, certain and sure way as well as the most satisfactory way for you to have your washing done is to do it at home in the Acme Washer. That will mean thorough washing, careful washing, easy-on-the-clothes washing, is sanitary washing and faultless washing.

Every hing which the Improved Acme Washer cleans, it cleans as effectively as the most careful hand-washing and without any more wear-and-tear. You can put in the daintiest piece of lace as well as your table linen and both will come out as white and clean as new driven snow.

There is no risk or doubt when you use the

There is no risk or doubt when you use the Improved Acme Washer—the results are invariably quick, satisfactory, inexpensive and a vast improvement over any other method of laundering.

# What Other Women Do you want to mix your Maybe the Laundress Does your Linen "Grow does clean your Clothes. Maybe she ruins them, too.

Often the convenience of giving out your wash to a washerwoman is not an unmixed pleasure.

Perhaps you have thought that your linen seems to wear out more rapidly than it ought to.

That might be due to "rough treatment" in putting it through the washing process, or to rough "wash-board" methods employed in removing the dirt, or to quick-method processes which, while they cleanse the soiled garments, cause just a little too much wear and tear to be satisfactory. There isn't any reason why the mere washing of your linen should wear it out. A reasonable amount of care should effectively preserve every piece of linen from undue "ageing."

At all events whatever the cause for not finding Just the pleasure which you would like to have from your done-out washing, every reason for dissatisfaction can be removed by using the Improved Acme Washer at home. Then speed, efficiency, cleanliness and neat appearing laundry will be assured you.

# Old" before its time?

Linen that becomes "brittle" and easily torn when it has seen but a few months' service has certainly been dealt with severely by the Hand of Time, or, perhaps it is your laundry that deals severely with it.

Haven't you ever thought so, and haven't you ever suspected that considerate home treatment of your wash would lengthen considerably the life and the service as well as add to the neat, fresh appearance of your linen?

At any rate, if you could find an easy, safe, effective inexpensive method of doing your washing at home you would be pretty apt to give that method a trial—isn't that so? You can give such a method a trial and a complete trial, also a satisfactory one, by doing your washing with the Improved Acme Washer.

And you will be infinitely pleased with the result because your linen will be under your inspection throughout every process of washing and laundering, and because it will be ready for wear and so delightfully clean and snowy in appearance that it will not only look clean but you will know it is clean because your have washed it in your own home and under your own supervision.

# Only One Dealer in Every Town Has the Privilege of Selling the Famous Acme Washers and Every Acme is Sold Under a Binding Guarantee of "Satisfaction or Your Money Back." Write for Dealer's Name in Your Town.

Write us at once-now-before you forget it a postal will do. We will be very glad to send you the name of our dealer in your town and make arrangements so you can see the machine at his store at your convenience. He will explain it to you and show you just how it works. If you like it, buy it with the distinct understanding that after

you have used it four (4) weeks, if the machine is not all we claim for it, and if it does not do as we say, the dealer will take it back and return to you every penny of your money. You are protected by the guarantee of a business man in your city whom you know, while our guarantee protects him against any loss. We are the only ones who take any risk.

## WRITE TODAY FOR OUR FREE BOOK

This will tell you in detail how ACME Washers are built, why they work so easily and thoroughly, and how the use of one really saves you money. You owe it to yourself to send for this book. DO IT NOW

To Dealers: Write today for prices and terms. We give exclusive agency rights and have some choice territory still open.

ACME WASHING MACHINE COMPANY

2714 South High Street Columbus, Ohio, U. S. A.



The Acme Special

our dealer can deliver this machine at the at a lower price than you pay for uilar washer. You have no freight to expense, no trouble.





# OUR NEW

# BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATORS

made of genuine porcelain enamel will be shown by all prominent dealers during the season of 1908.

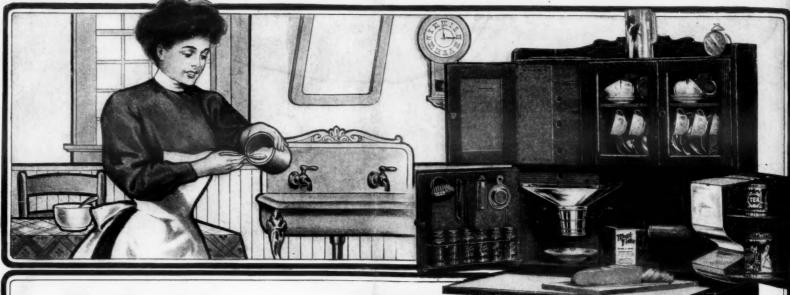


She says 'The Best"

Adopted by the Pullman Co. and all American Railroads. Send for catalog showing complete line and describing special designs for outside icing for new residences.

WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY ST. PAUL, MINN. 1547 University Ave.

She says



# Husbands!

# Read this and think it over!

You have your desk if you are an office man, your bench and tools if you are a factory man or mechanic, your labor saving implements if you are a farmer—but what has the poor wife for her kitchen to save her labor, time and steps in the drudgery of her never-ending kitchen work?

You wouldn't even think of trying to do your daily work without the necessary helps and tools. Why do you expect your wife to toil along, handicapped by the lack and inconveniences of

the things she has to use three times every day, year in and year out? Why not help her-it won't cost much-get her a

# HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINET A PANTRY CURBOARD WORKTABLE COMBINED

a thing that is just as necessary to her as your desk, bench or tools are to you. It is exactly what she needs. A simple table won't take its place. It is more than that—it is a pantry, cupboard, table combined—the most complete and most convenient kitchen affair ever made.

It has labor saving features—a special convenience of arrangement—commodious cup-boards and drawers—all planned to make her work easy—systematic and orderly.

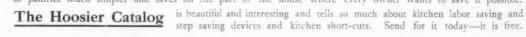
The Hoosier sanitary flour bin—in which the flour is put in at the top—and every bit comes out through the sitter at the bottom; the Hoosier dust proof sugar bin—which works on the same principle—the air tight spice cans which perfectly preserve the flavors; the aluminum extension table top—easy to keep bright and clean; the Hoosier bread and cake box; the housekeeper's want-iist, a perpetual reminder.

Hoosier Cabinets are all made of solid oak—the only wood that will not warp or split in the heat of the kitchen—with a finish that is not marred by water or hot utensils.

We haven't got space to tell you about the cabinet here, but if you want to help your wife—write us for our beautiful free catalog; see a Hoosier Cabinet at our dealer's in your town, and let her see one too.

Architects. Hoosier cabinets solve a difficult problem which every architect is constantly facing, that is, the furnishing of all kitchen conveniences within small space.

We can certainly supply the Kitchen Cabinet at less than it will cost the contractor to build the same conveniences into the house. It makes the planning of pantries much simpler and saves on the part of the house where every owner wants to save if possible.



HOOSIER MFG. CO., 42 Adams Street, New Castle, Ind.

